

A Political Article by Grover Cleveland in this Number

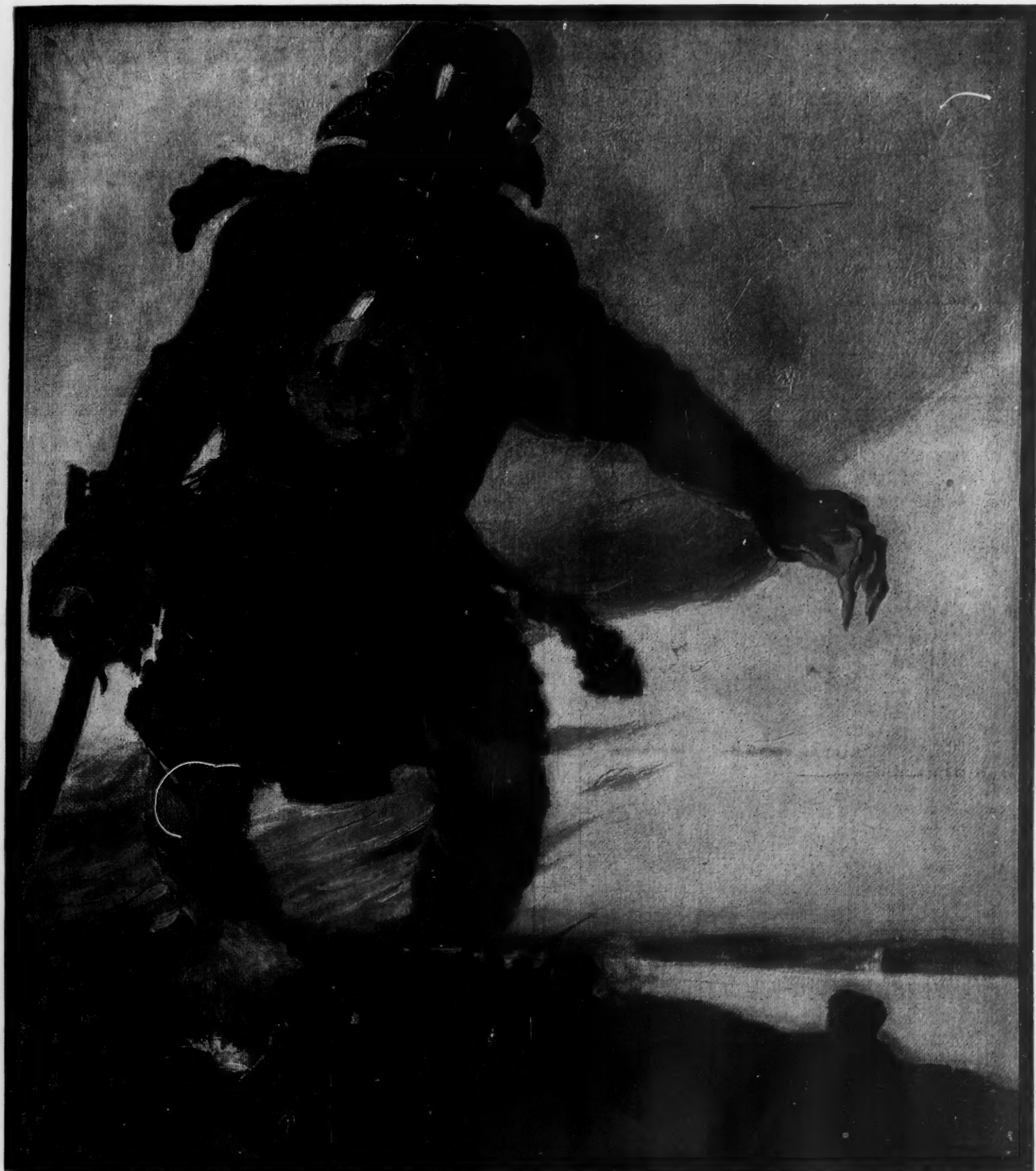
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"The Vengeful Spirit of an Ancient Race."—See "War," by Robert Bridges, page 11

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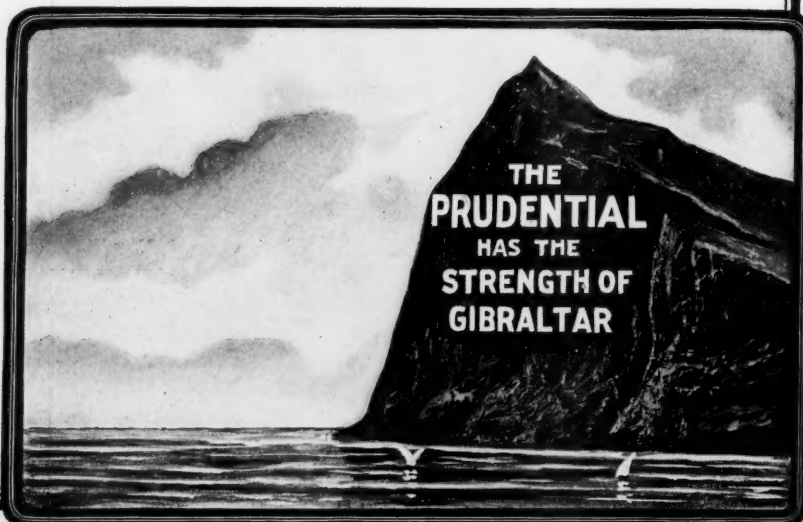
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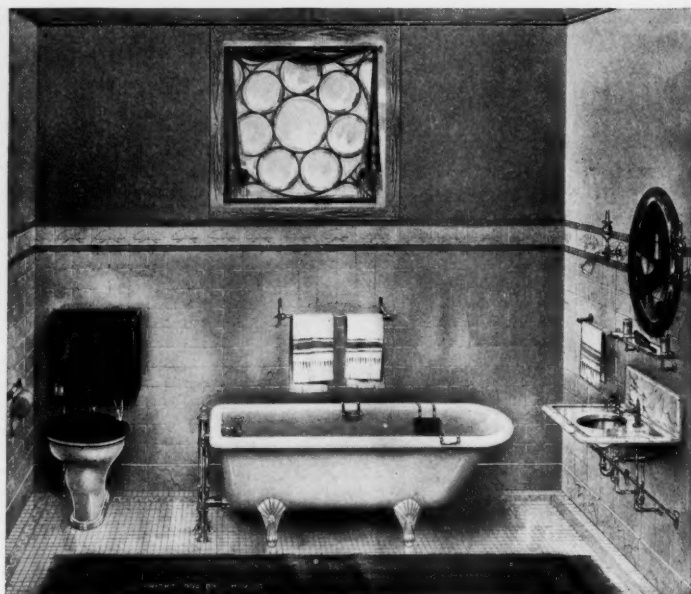
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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1904

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TORTURING A CHINESE BANDIT AT MUKDEN

The photograph shows the leader of a band of Chunchuses—sometimes called Hunghuzes, or Red Beards—undergoing torture at the hands of the Chinese authorities at Mukden. His feet are in stocks, his hands are tied, and a rope is bound about his head which is tightened every few minutes, until the skull almost cracks. These Chinese bandits have been making raids on the Russian lines of communication in Manchuria, tearing up the railroad in places

and raiding villages. The Russians claim that their acts are inspired by the Japanese and that the brigands are in many instances organized and led by Japanese officers. No proof of these statements has ever been offered. The Russians have captured a number of these Chunchuses and have brought them into Mukden. Here the brigands are turned over to the Chinese authorities, who first torture them cruelly and then decapitate them



JUDGE PARKER'S BEHAVIOR on the money question brought into sharp relief the divergence between the two wings of the Democratic party. It is not a difference mainly between those who believe and those who disbelieve in the free coinage of silver. The silver movement was but a symptom, and it is recognized as a lost cause, in spite of Mr. BRYAN's effort to save his face. The difference is between those who believe in change and those who fear any essential departure. The Western Democrats heartily accept Mr. BRYAN's declaration that the one profound issue is plutocracy. He calls it Democracy *versus* plutocracy, but that is his attempt to hold on to an honored name. Democracy, historically and reasonably, means a number of things, some of which are represented by BRYAN and others by CLEVELAND. On the question of plutocracy, however, it is easy to see why the radical Democrats speak of the Eastern Democrats as Republicans in disguise. If Mr. ROOSEVELT did not happen to be called a Republican he would

EAST AND
WEST

be supported for the Presidency with enthusiasm by the Western radicals, because they believe that he is against special privileges, for equal opportunity, and the determined foe of that political corruption which enables wealthy corporations to run city, State, or nation. Judge PARKER's haste to reanimate the gold and silver question showed how much he cared for the conservative influences in his own neighborhood, which are so sensitive about pecuniary stability, and how little in sympathy he is with the Democracy of the West, which wished to abandon its dead economic fallacy with a quietness which would leave it united for a fight against unjust and unequal privileges everywhere. He, speaking for the Eastern Democrats, says, "It is not enough that you Western Democrats are soundly beaten out of your currency error. You must eat humble pie." The Western Democrats wished to have a platform limited to the issues on which the whole party could stand, leaving Judge PARKER to state, when the time came, his personal opinions in any way he chose. His action forced the currency question practically into the platform, thus satisfying some traditional Democrats in the East and infuriating thousands in the South, who will vote for him nevertheless, and thousands also in the West, who will vote for ROOSEVELT.

"**I** HOPE," SAYS MR. HAY, "I am violating neither the confidence of a friend nor the proprieties of an occasion like this when I refer to the ardent and able young statesman who is now and is to be our President, to let you know that in times of doubt and difficulty the thought oftenest in his heart is: 'What, in such a case, would LINCOLN have done?'" There are, we think, a certain number of things that LINCOLN would not have done. We do not believe he would have said, as Mr. HAY does, that the American system of protection was championed by WASHINGTON, for the simple reason that LINCOLN thought it wise to limit political claims to what was both essentially and exactly true. In 1789 WASHINGTON said he "would not force the introduction of manufactures, by extravagant encouragements, and to the prejudice of agriculture," which is the only remark we happen to remember bearing on the principle at all. If WASHINGTON did "champion" the theory on which Republican protection is based, Mr. HAY would do a service to history by giving his authorities. Nor would LINCOLN have said that Mr. ROOSEVELT's

IDEALS OF
LINCOLN

advice is sparingly given, or that he has a sense of humor. He would have said many things for our President, but not just those. If the President has a sense of humor, it is never expressed in his written words. LINCOLN would not have said, either, that the war with Spain was carried on without a shadow of corruption. It may have been carried on with a comparatively small amount of corruption, but LINCOLN, in his later years, did not exaggerate. He found the facts sufficient to receive and express all the poetry of his feelings. The longer he lived the more grave and responsible were the opinions which he uttered. Although parties were in those days divided more vitally than they are to-day, he did not sacrifice to party the truth which he owed to mankind. Mr. HAY's brilliant and solid reputation has been fairly earned, and we regret to see him led by the real or fancied requirements of his position into arguments which have a partisan one-sidedness. He, like many other men of distinguished gifts, is at his best when he speaks in public with that same measure, impartiality, and candor which are used by most intelligent men in private. One of the greatest things about LINCOLN was the heart that made him "the North, the South, the East, the West"—the heart that beat for the Southern mother as tenderly as for her sister in the North.

POLITICAL ANIMOSITY, as shown at the Convention, can not be eradicated as long as the South is solid. It must, for its cure, await an issue that will make both parties wooers. Mr. ROOSEVELT has done much, by lack of tact or for personal and party reasons, to postpone the day when Mason and Dixon's Line shall be ancient history. By so doing he has strengthened his party and injured his country, and we hope that he will let the negro question alone if he serves a second term. It is not great statesmanship to solidify one section of the country by the injury of another, and the South was undoubtedly progressing with its negro problem before the President took a hand, with a series of episodes which culminated in the Republican plank in favor of cutting down representation.

WRONGING
THE SOUTH

Senator LODGE is a very poor adviser for Mr. ROOSEVELT. He is a bigoted partisan, and he represents a State and region which are least in sympathy with the South and least understand its difficulties and their solution. The President of the whole people should learn about each section of the country from the wisest and best representatives of that section. To view Mississippi from the standpoint of Massachusetts is to be unjust by failing in that universal sympathy which we have just described as part of LINCOLN's greatness. We recommend to the President a special study of LINCOLN's view of Southern difficulties.

COLONEL WATTERSON IS GOOD ENOUGH, after putting his knife into us, to offer us an opportunity to explain. He declares, with that precision which he mingles with his elegance, that we remind him of a "swan skimming over the surface of a lake, unconscious of the depths below." The ground on which he concludes that in our swan-like motion we fail to see the bottom is that we overestimate the popularity of the President and fail to weigh the dangers of his nature. Colonel WATTERSON is one of those who unfailingly call the President TEDDY, and warn people against the probable destructiveness of this raging lion. Our view is that Mr. ROOSEVELT has a good deal more balance than his love of the big bow-wow would indicate. Colonel WATTERSON proceeds: "In its next issue we should like COLLIER'S WEEKLY to tell us something about ADDICKS of Delaware, about the Machine in Pennsylvania, giving us the while a few extracts from TEDDY's various dissertations on Civic Righteousness and Civil Service Reform. Conceding the President's personal cleanliness, and the beauty and charm of his domestic entourage, in what do the 'morals' of his 'political methods' differ from those of the late Mr. QUAY, or the present Mr. PLATT—or, let us say of Mr. LOU PAYN—except that 'he played it on William and me in a way we despise,' or words to that effect?" Colonel WATTERSON is one of those devoted Democrats who think a Republican is a villain. Naturally he sees the President in a false perspective. The dishonesty or lack of discrimination shown in bunching Mr. ROOSEVELT with PLATT and QUAY and PAYN is too obvious to require elucidation. It is because he has done so much good that Mr. ROOSEVELT's weakenings take such prominence. We do not defend his compromises. LINCOLN, in a situation so easy and prosperous as the President's, would not have made them. But, as some one observed, the Abolitionist exaggerated when he said that the slave-holding GEORGE WASHINGTON was a villain. Colonel WATTERSON would persuade more minds if he added fairness to his brilliancy. Everybody knows that the President is not a villain. Colonel WATTERSON would do better if he could find a juster way of describing Colonel ROOSEVELT's shortcomings. In the next issue of the "Courier-Journal" we hope to see indicated some recognition that, even among Republicans, moral obliquities differ in degree.

THE COLONEL
ON THE RAM

WHEN LEOPOLD PROPOSED his great scheme for enlightening the Congo natives, and conferring upon them the inestimable blessings of civilization, he also proposed to confer upon the Western States sundry dollars earned by trading with a new and fertile country. He insisted, nevertheless, that he was consumed by philanthropy for the Africans and also most anxious to divide all profits with the other creators of the State. It was a remarkable performance. A new State was created and named "free" on purpose. Declarations about the imminence of self-government were considered, and, although they were abandoned, many an expression reeked with altruism. "Our only programme," said the King of the Belgians, "is the work of moral and material regeneration." BISMARCK spoke of LEOPOLD's noble aspirations. President

THE CONGO
OUTRAGE



ARTHUR described the purely philanthropic nature of the enterprise, and our Government took the lead in recognizing the manufactured Government. CLEVELAND, as soon as he was in ARTHUR's place, announcing the organization of this new State, observed: "It is fortunate that a benighted region, owing all it has of quickening civilization to the beneficence and philanthropic spirit of this monarch, should have the advantage and security of his benevolent supervision." It has had such supervision, and as a consequence is more cruelly abused than any colony upon earth. The natives are forced to work for the Belgian royal rounder's graft, they are robbed, beaten, imprisoned, women are chained neck to neck, slavery is practically restored, villages are burned, and the people are slain. The testimony is too strong to be received with doubt. The old, frivolous, and dissipated King of the Belgians has done a dishonorable and wicked work, and there ought to be some way of wrenching his talons from the innocent people whom he is abusing.

IRISH SYMPATHY WITH RUSSIA has given some fresh life, in this country, to the topic of what Ireland would be satisfied with. Nearly all the most sincere and intelligent Irishmen are Nationalists. A considerable number of them are Separatists, but a good many recognize that for reasons of military safety England would never consent to actual separation. All the movements which now have most vitality in Ireland are connected with the national ideal. The revival of the Gaelic language and Gaelic literature is intended to stimulate this ideal. The religious question is intimately associated with it. Not only does the British Government conduct a Protestant university in a Catholic country, taxing the people specially for its maintenance, but English society uses its really great power always to the disadvantage of persons holding the Catholic religion. Even English Catholics, like the Duke of Norfolk, frown upon the Irish who hold the same religion, because Catholicism and Nationalism are one in Ireland, and the Irish Protestants are more friendly to the British Government. The religious situation, therefore, in relation to patriotism, is just the opposite in Ireland from what it is in Italy, and to a less degree in France.

IRISH IDEALS

RAMPOLLA's unpopularity in Ireland was due to his friendliness with the English Catholics and his consequent severity toward the Catholics in Ireland. The Irish priests have been Nationalists almost without exception. History has shown the great willingness of the Irish Catholics to ignore religious differences where they were not connected with contrasting views of patriotism, for most of the great Irish patriots have been Protestants. The Protestants, on the other hand, would hardly follow a Catholic leader. The social, religious, and educational questions are intimately associated with one another, all focusing in the ideal of nationality. They are distinguishable, to a certain extent, from such definite political wrongs as the constabulary and the excessive taxation, which, being more limited in their bearings, ought to be more readily removed. The most intelligent Englishmen are much more liberal in their feelings toward the Irish than the Tory masses are. Such men as Mr. WYNDHAM and Mr. BALFOUR, for instance, will be found voting for enlightened measures which are beaten by huge majorities in the House of Lords.

MR. FOLK'S HISTORY-MAKING REFORMS in Missouri are having a vast influence in neighboring States, and nowhere more than in Illinois. Mr. DENEEN, the Republican candidate for Governor, began his career as a good deal of a politician and party man. His development into the kind of official who serves the people only was the effect of a moral atmosphere that is spreading in the West. He is undoubtedly a better man because of the manner in which the corresponding office has been conducted across the river. He must also have been influenced by the sentiment partly reflected in the Voters' League and partly created by it. Although that League does not as a body take part in State affairs, some of its leading spirits did much to cause the nomination of DENEEN. The result was immediate. When they expected YATES or LOWDEN to be the nominee, the Democrats had scheduled the very popular ALTSCHULER for their nominee, because they saw a chance for victory. Immediately upon DENEEN's nomination ALTSCHULER refused to run and selected, in SPRINGER, an unimportant friend who would not object to the minor glory of carrying the Democratic standard to defeat. Many reformers lack experience and the intelligence for facts. When a practical politician like DENEEN sees the advantages and the popularity of integrity in office the results are salient.

LESSONS FROM ILLINOIS

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WENDELL PHILLIPS SAID that the American people never became intelligent upon any question of national interest until it was put upon the stump and there beaten out into the clear by public debate. There is another side, however. Instead of being altogether a season of intellectual quickening and profitable exchange of ideas, the quadrennial contests serve to befuddle the minds and confuse the consciences of some voters, especially, perhaps, that large, earnest, important but pathetic class grouped as the "foreign vote." The confusion of over-statement and of personalities is likely to play a larger rôle than ever in a campaign like the present, where there is absolutely no great principle or clear-cut policy at issue between the two dominant parties. "Yo' is wastin' yo' time," said a negro at St. Louis, "yo' is jess wastin' yo' time. It's jess foolishness, that's what it is. It's jess foolishness." We do not entirely agree with the negro, but much may be said for his philosophy. An interesting suggestion is made to us by a correspondent. "Let the multitudes," he says, "be summoned to hear the calm discussion of great issues by men of sober minds and disinterested spirit; not in the disputing but in the comparing spirit. The motto of these political congresses might well be, 'Come, let us reason together.' The speakers should be independent minds who have civic pride and no personal axes to grind. The most eminent jurists, editors, ministers, college presidents, and professors, men of differing conclusions, advocates of different conditions, should be invited to give reasons for their positions and indicate the grounds over which they have traveled. Let them have plenty of room for compliment, comparison, and prophecies, but little room for abuse, sarcasm, and dogmatism. These things, of course, could not be wholly avoided; indeed, each speaker would enjoy a free platform with rigid time limits. But the spirit of the place would be unfavorable to such things, and the restriction of good manners, and especially of the truth-seeking spirit, would preserve the dignity of such a platform. The 'foremost citizen' of any community would be glad to preside at such a meeting. He would sometimes be of one party and sometimes of another." We do not see why such a congress might not be convened by the various Chautauquas and summer assemblies, at academic centres, under the auspices of either the students or directors of the institutions, in the churches, and in the public schoolhouses, and especially at the various State and county agricultural fairs. The necessary funds would probably come promptly from the enjoying public and its public spirit. Human brains do not come so high as street parades. Cut out the bass-drum and the red fire, and there will be plenty of money to command talent and intelligence. Many a man whom voters would like to hear, and sometimes to follow, who could not be hired to speak on noisy party platforms, would be glad occasionally to give an earnest crowd an explanation of his ideals.

POLITICAL CONGRESSES

FATE COMPELS US USUALLY to do our traveling on Eastern lines dominated by VANDERBILT interests, and had we no further experience the distresses of travel on those routes might seem a necessary evil. A trip on the Pennsylvania, however, is, by its contrasting comfort, and consideration for passengers, enough to put one in a mood for drastic public measures. Some investigation also indicates that the consideration for employees is as much superior on the Pennsylvania as consideration for passengers. How much of this difference is due to business policy we do not know. Some business men calculate that it is well, as a mere investment, to please the public and also to please their employees; while others think the safest way is to gouge everybody while they can. Thus the VANDERBILT interests doubtless reason that they can do better for themselves by never making an improvement or an accommodation until they are compelled either by public rage or by competition, and where they behave worst they are free from competition. Another difference is more of personality and of disposition than of business reasoning. Look at any concern, big or little, and you will see the manners and spirit of every employee affected by the manners and spirit at the top. If the executive head is affable and considerate, the whole tone of his establishment will be one of affability and consideration. If he is selfish, boorish, or arbitrary, his hardness or grossness will find imitators all the way down to the bottom. We wish to state once more, with no hope of accomplishing any change, our belief that the VANDERBILT family, or those who represent them, seem to be without the most ordinary or average sympathy, or sense of justice, toward the public which they exploit, and, by the laxity of our laws, are able to oppress.

CONSIDERATION FOR THE PUBLIC

STEADY, DEMOCRATS, STEADY!

IF SOMETIMES, during the past week, those most earnestly and prayerfully solicitous for the complete restoration of the Democratic Party to health and sanity have felt depressed by certain Convention incidents relating to the money question, it is certainly now time for them and for all who love true Democracy to calmly survey the situation as it appears since the dust and swelter of Convention controversy have passed away.

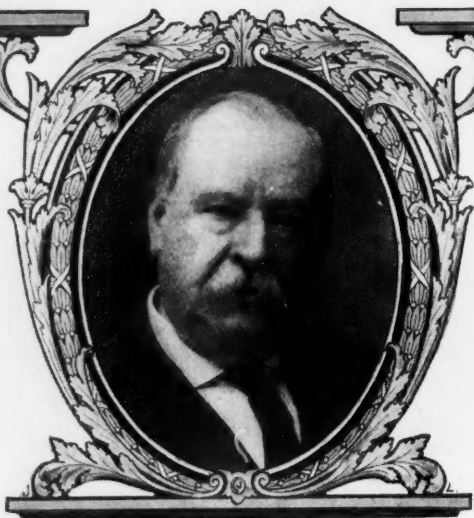
Such a survey is full of congratulation and hope. In the first place, it creates the assurance that the National Democracy as an organization has been freed from the financial delusions that have made it weak, and has entered upon a period of old-time vigor and strength. This is too apparent for denial. No action of Democracy's representatives assembled in the late Convention can be construed in any other way than as an acknowledgment of the establishment of the gold standard, and a willing pledge to its maintenance. This condition should of itself be sufficient to so fill our measure of satisfaction as to cause us to forget any fears or trepidation that may have vexed us during the days just past.

I do not overlook the fact that two clear and unimpeached verdicts of the people stand recorded in favor of the gold standard, and that its perpetuity has been secured by Federal enactment; but I insist that, in refusing to indulge any further free silver or double standard vagaries, the Convention did not, on account of existing conditions, merely make a virtue of necessity, but that it voiced, instead, an actual and wholesome change in sentiment among the rank and file of Democracy. Herein is found abundantly sufficient cause for gratitude and congratulation on the part of all those who love true Democracy. I want to go further than this, and to express a reverent belief that certain Convention occurrences, apparently untoward, have worked together for Democracy's good, and that a happy outcome has been reached through a leading wiser and more certain than the wit of man could have devised. Senator Tillman and I have occasionally differed; but I hope he will take no offence if I applaud and give hearty concurrence to his expression of the belief that "Providence has taken kindly hold on our affairs."

Of course, it would have been a matter of great satisfaction to those of us who have always been unyielding and insistent gold standard Democrats if we could have had a declaration in the platform committing our party in distinct terms to the acceptance and constant defence and maintenance of the gold standard—not because of an unexpected increase in gold production, but on grounds of economic wisdom and national honor. As protestations of affection never fatigue, so those who supremely love a safe standard for our people's money can not hear too often that the gold standard is immutably fixed. Nevertheless, as an original proposition, such a platform assurance was not necessary either on sentimental grounds or to make gold standard conditions more certain. They were as unchangeably settled as they could be—with or without platform declaration.

It must be confessed, however, that forbidding portents were seen in the Democratic sky when a platform deliverance intended to pass as a recognition and approval of the gold standard was rejected after discussion in the platform committee, leaving no substituted expression of any kind in its place; and when, thereupon, a platform containing no reference to the gold standard was approved by the Convention.

The trepidation and disappointment which immediately



By GROVER CLEVELAND

supervened among the masses of the expectant Democracy did not arise from the mere absence of any statement concerning the gold standard, but it represented a perfect and perhaps instinctive realization of the confusion and misapprehension caused among themselves and the immense advantage given to their political enemies by proposing, in a fashion, to declare for the gold standard and after discussion refusing to do so.

At this critical moment the sun appeared and scattered every evil portent. In this time of fear and gloom a leader came to the Democratic hosts. A quiet, able, reserved man had been selected as the Democracy's candidate for the Presidency. His sterling and constant adherence to party had been so fully avouched that it was nearly supposed that no action of the organization would provoke his protest. And now, while the Democratic rank and file trembled and waited, the voice of this quiet, reserved, and able man rang out above all Convention clamor, drowning the roysterous hum of Convention diplomacy. In tones of authority and leadership the message went forth:

"I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the Convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the Convention, and, if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment."

"A. B. PARKER."

Those Democrats who have been impatient of the silence of their party's candidate ought to be satisfied with the effectiveness of his first utterance. It filled the blank in a disabled platform, it gave leadership to the Democratic cause, and rallied supporters by thousands and tens of thousands to the Democratic standard. To these must be added another wonderful accomplishment to which this utterance gave opportunity. When in response to the message of its chosen candidate the Convention proposed to give him assurance that the sentiments of the Convention and the meaning of its platform were in accord with his expression, and in efforts to make his message a part of the platform, a vote on the passage of a resolution embodying these propositions disclosed the fact that out of a total vote of nine hundred and sixty-five only one hundred and ninety-one could be counted in the negative. This vote furnished the best, if not the only, opportunity offered during the continuance of the Convention to demonstrate how overwhelmingly sound its members were in support of the gold standard; and its result can not, I gratefully believe, be otherwise construed than as indicating the elimination of financial error as a disturbing influence in Democratic councils.

The National Democracy enters upon the campaign, not in gloom and fear, but in hope and confidence.

I believe that no man ever did so much for the cause, and in so many directions in so short a time and in so compact a form, as was done by our candidate when he sent his message to the St. Louis Convention. He has reminded all who profess Democratic principles that they also have work to do if they, like him, would do the patriotic political duty the time demands.

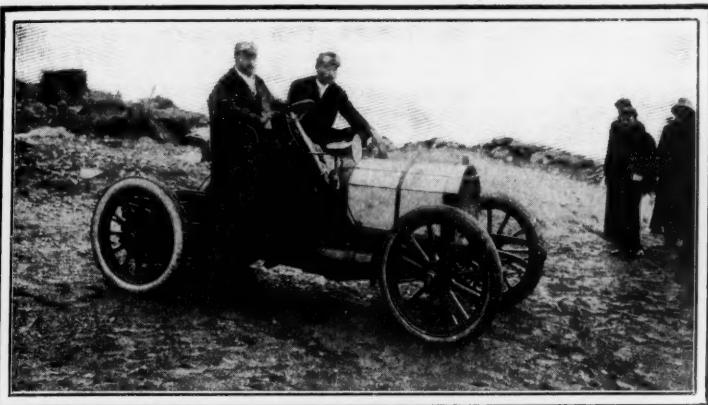
Let the Democratic lines be steadied at every point; and let our splendid leadership be followed with genuine Democratic zeal and stubbornness.

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F. E. STANLEY COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE AFTER THE CONTEST



JAMES L. BREESE IN HIS 40-H.P. MACHINE



THE ANNOUNCER AT THE SUMMIT



H. E. ROGERS CROSSING THE TAPE AT THE FINISH



F. G. PEABODY, WINNER OF THE LIGHT MACHINE CONTEST

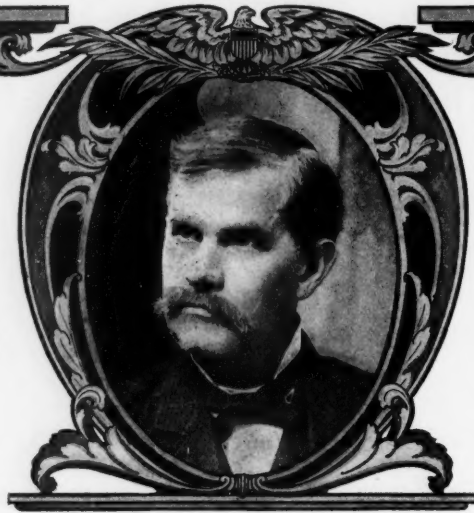


A. E. MORRISON, WINNER IN THE HEAVY MACHINE CONTEST

THE HILL-CLIMBING CONTEST ON MOUNT WASHINGTON

On July 12 and 13, at Bretton, N. H., a dozen automobiles of different make and motive power were pitted against one another in a race up the eight miles of steep, stony road that leads to the top of Mount Washington. At times the participants were passing through low-hanging clouds that made it impossible to see more than a couple of feet ahead. Add to this the fact that in places the road often runs along the edge of a precipice, and it is easy to understand that the race offered plenty of excitement to those taking part. Some excellent records were made, in spite of all difficulties, and earlier figures were bettered. The winner of the principal honors was H. S. Harkness of New York, who made the ascent in 24 minutes 37 3-5 seconds with a 60-horsepower machine. Another remarkable run was made by F. E. Stanley of Newton, Mass., whose little 6-horsepower steam automobile climbed to the top in 28 minutes 19 2-5 seconds. Other successful contestants were A. E. Morrison of Boston; F. G. Peabody, and James L. Breese of New York.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

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By JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Temporary Chairman of the Democratic National Convention and Member of the Committee on Resolutions

THE spirit which ruled the hour was in one sentence mutual consideration in seeking concord of action by announcing strongly and affirmatively the opinions of a reunited Democracy on live issues pressing for settlement, and by ignoring differences of opinions on dead or sleeping questions no longer constituting issues. The name of every man who had ever eminently served the party was when mentioned cheered. The temporary chairman having incidentally mentioned the name of Grover Cleveland, and attributed to his dogged persistency and indomitable will the credit or discredit, whichever it might appear to his listeners to be, of the establishment of the gold standard in 1893, by the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, the Convention broke forth in a roar of applause which lasted so long that the speaker had twice to take his seat before it subsided. Some of this was, as all could see, the work of Tammany, prearranged for the possible event. Tammany, however, with all its resources and noise-making power, could not have produced half of it nor prolonged it one-half so long, unassisted by the hearty good-will and participation of many others.

This spirit was especially indicated again by the manner in which the Convention treated Mr. Bryan. He never appeared without receiving "loud and prolonged applause." It was a tribute by Democrats to their belief in his rectitude of character and honesty of purpose.

On the other hand, however, he never made a motion in the Convention which was not voted down. He made none of any serious importance in the committee that bore upon the salient positions in his career as a Democratic leader which was not likewise voted down.

The Sentiment Against Silver

This was especially true of his proposition to indorse the Kansas City platform, carrying with it, of course, a reaffirmation of the proposition that the Democratic Party would still contend for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. This was voted down in committee, if my memory serves me right, by a much larger vote than any other serious proposition offered by anybody, and so overwhelmingly was the sentiment against it that neither he nor anybody else afterward indicated the slightest desire to bring the proposition before the Convention, although perhaps two-thirds of the delegates had in two preceding Presidential elections voted for it, and although six and a half millions of American voters in 1896—constituting a majority of the white voters of the United States and a large majority of its native-born white voters—had joined them in that vote. The South held the balance of power both in the applause and voting, and illustrated once more its traditional warmth of heart and soundness of head; the first, as shown in its applause in its personal devotion to the leader of a lost cause; and the second, as shown by its vote, in its quiet acceptance of an accomplished fact. The strategic strength of the delegates was shown in this; that they frankly refused to hold positions found untenable, but concentrated the batteries of the Convention upon positions of the enemy believed to be untenable. It refused to fight either a losing or defensive battle. In this there was no sacrifice of principle—at most a confession of defeat and of the uselessness of further struggle. No good general will sacrifice a battle to a mad desire to hold an escarpment, when he finds changed conditions render further holding the escarpment useless and unwise for the advancement of a great cause. The Convention called on the Democracy to attack extravagance, dishonesty, imperialism, absolutism in government, exploitation of so-called "colonies" for commercial greed, combinations of capital seeking monopoly, and with monopoly the power to raise prices of their finished products to the point of extortion, thereby robbing the consumer; power to bear down the price of the raw material, thereby robbing the producer, and power to regulate and control the price of wages, thereby robbing the laborer, whether by reducing the individual wage-rate, or by reducing the number of individuals employed as wage-earners. It called upon them to attack the extortions and injustices rendered possible by present tariff schedules, and also the discriminations and rebates on the part of common carriers, made possible by the present impotence of the law and the still greater impotence of the tribunal charged by the law with some power and duty in that direction.

Features of the Platform

It summoned them to withstand attack upon the rights of trial by jury and freedom of speech, and the new-born menace contained in the Republican platform against existing sectional and racial peace by the demoralization of business and labor and race relations in a great section of our common country, at present highly prosperous. It called the attention of the country to the dangerous character of its present Chief Executive; his usurpation of legislative and judicial functions; his jerky disregard of international and constitutional obligations, and it invoked the restoration of that time-honored and sensible foreign policy so distinctively American. It pledged itself to an equal and just treatment of capital and labor, contrary to the opinion seeming to prevail in certain circles that the former is a thing more sacred, and possessed of more inalienable and greater "vested rights" than the latter, which seems indeed frequently accorded only such rights as it may obtain by strike. In a word, the platform was a call to arms for an attack on present evils; for the defence of fundamental rights, the establish-

ment of safe and sound and sane government, and it was, in its expressions and omissions, an agreement to disagree about all questions not now issues, or capable of being made issues, in the present, in the immediate future, or, perhaps, in any future at all. Hence, what has been so much misunderstood in certain quarters—its silence concerning what is popularly called the silver question, or, more accurately, the question of the monetary standard. That cause, right or wrong, had been fought out, and the contention of the organized Democracy with regard to it lost. If that had been all, it would not have constituted a sufficient cause to desert it. But the result sought to be achieved by the contention, to wit, an increase in the volume of metallic or real money, and therefore a decrease in the value of money, a corresponding increase in the prices of other things as measured in money, and the consequent encouragement thereby given to productive enterprise and discouragement to mere hoarding—all conducing to that prosperity which, but for it, could not have been so completely realized nor so long maintained—had been accomplished.

The unparalleled increase in the annual output of gold by the discovery of new mines, and by the improved methods of treating gold ore, was moreover recognized as an output, which, when you consider the two causes for it, and especially the second, is not apt to suffer any material diminution in the term of the natural life of a man now full-grown.

The Mississippi Plank Not Presented

Some expression of this, in something like these words, was made, and the acknowledgment of its effect in relegating the silver question to the rear was recognized, in what is known as the Mississippi plank, and it or something like it would, if submitted, have been adopted by a majority of the delegates. The plank was, however, never presented by its author to the Convention, nor to the Committee on Resolutions, for the simple reason that before leaving Mississippi he had found that it was not acceptable to either extreme faction and especially not to the extreme gold standard coterie, who wanted in the platform no pretence of a justification even of the votes and political conduct of six and a half millions of their fellow-citizens who had voted for Mr. Bryan, even though this justification, or attempted justification, take it as you will, was followed by an acknowledgment of defeat and an expression of acquiescence in the defeat, as a fact accomplished, for the present, at any rate, and destined to remain accomplished for at least an indeterminate time. You may say they ought to have been overruled. If you have no interest in the welfare of the Democratic Party, and none in the success of the cause aiming to reform great existing abuses of government—in a word, if you are theoretical and not practical, you may well say so. The author found, moreover, that the plank would not be acceptable to the other extreme because, although they knew, and would admit, in conversation, that "free silver was not now an issue," that the gold standard was established by the law as it had been since 1893, and could not at this time be disturbed, they were not willing "to write it down so," not willing to say as much in a platform. This sounds unreasonable, too, to a man of theory only, and he would ask again, "Why not override them?" But to a man practically acquainted with human nature it is not so very strange that one may confess defeat in a duel, his inability to renew the fight, and perhaps even his willingness to "quit talking about it," and yet not desire to have salt rubbed in his wounds. I never met an old Confederate soldier, for example, who wasn't ready to confess that "the war was over"; that, moreover, we had gotten along very well without a separate Southern Confederacy and that the Union was an established fact, not to be disturbed, in his case, now or ever. But I never met a single one of them willing to say that he was whipped, certainly not that he ought to have been whipped. Moreover, I never met a brave man who wanted one of them to say anything of the kind. To keep silence and quit fighting, to

travel onward, looking forward, with the desire to make yet more glorious destinies for a yet greater, because thoroughly reunited, country, was always accounted enough, without any humiliating confession.

The Mississippi platform plank, referred to, or something like it, could easily have been passed and "thrust down the throats" of both extremes, if the great conservative body of the Convention which stood between them had so willed it, and the result would have been perfectly delightful—to a Republican; to any one who did not want present abuses corrected or the present government-drift checked. It would have been pleasant, too, to a small coterie of so-called Democrats, who are really arrogant plutocrats, and desire to control the policy of both parties, without becoming members of either. No practical man would have pressed its passage. A practical man would have said what the Convention by its silence virtually said: "In view of all these live, vital, pressing, urgent questions, demanding immediate solution, in the interest of freedom and equality, in the interest of racial peace, and in the interest of the country and humanity, press forward, all of you, and leave this question which some of you say is a sleeping issue, and some of you say is a dead one, but none of you say is a present issue, to finish its nap or bury itself. If it be dead, don't keep the corpse on exhibition, however much you may have loved the soul which formerly inhabited it. If it be in a trance it will not awake until the causes which have thrown it into trance have ceased to operate, and if that ever happen it will awake anyhow, whether you will or whether I will. Indeed, the trance is so deep, owing to the strength of the gold-increase-potion administered, that we all know that it can not awake in four years, nor eight, nor many, many more."

Judge Parker's Sentiments Were Known

The conservative majority of the Committee on Resolutions concluded, in view of the objections of the two extremes, to act in accord with neither, and to permit neither, on the eve of a battle, to deprive the army of the Democracy of the aid of the other. Now, if the nominee had been a man who had favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver, it would have been necessary that the platform speak for him a change of policy, lest, the platform being silent, his own opinion, conscience, and judgment might have guided him to an agitation not now desired or useful. But we all knew (that is those of us who refused to let either extreme frame the platform) that we were going to nominate Judge Parker, who had never favored free silver as a policy even when it was an issue, and when others of us were battling earnestly for it. There was no fear that in his letter of acceptance, or in his conduct as President, he would fail to recognize "the accomplished fact." He could, in his letter of acceptance or otherwise, if he chose, indicate his views, on a question purely academic, in our opinion, so far as present politics are concerned.

He might, indeed, say a few words on the rights of slavery in the Territory, or the old greenback contention, if he chose. They could do no harm, and might quiet the apprehension of any foolish enough to entertain apprehension from either slavery, greenbacks, or free silver. Silence speaks often fully as loudly as words. The proverb says it speaks louder. Our silence on the silver question was not accidental; it was a silence kept of a set purpose. It was contended for in the committee and finally in the Convention, when Mr. Parker's telegram came to be read and our answer was under consideration, almost in the words I am using in this article. Taken together with the candidate, and the knowledge of the candidate's position in the country and in the Convention, the platform was unmistakable. It was wiser and better in every way than unnecessarily rubbing salt on sores not yet cicatrized. An issue which we had been urging with all our hearts and souls in two successive campaigns we refused to urge again. It could not have been more distinctly dropped; yet, strange to say, Eastern papers, feelingly and frenziedly, dwell upon our refusal to accept Mr. Hill's gold basis resolution, and forgot, or pretended to have forgotten, that the first motion made and voted down in the committee-room was an amendment offered by Mr. Bryan to the first line of the first clause to the platform being considered—a motion to declare for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one by reindorsing the Kansas City platform.

Free Silver No Longer an Issue

In a word, we said, by the silence of our platform, to our nominee: "We refuse to declare any further allegiance to free silver. It is in our opinion not an issue, nor to be made one. We are not including in our platform things not issues. We know what you think about it and don't care. You can attach what importance you please to it, and entertain and express what opinions you choose." Mr. Parker did attach some importance to it, or rather some Eastern and one or two Chicago papers did, and this perhaps—or it may be the assertions in the committee-rooms and on the floor of the Convention by one or two men to the effect that "nobody knew how he stood"—may have led him to believe that there might be some doubt in the minds of the delegates who had nominated him, and of the country, as to what the whole transaction accomplished by the Convention, platform, and candidate, coupled together, meant. If so, he owed it to his honor to dissipate that misunderstanding. Therefore, without waiting for the time of his letter of acceptance, in which he

was expected to express any views on the subject, if he thought it advisable, he wired:

HON. W. F. SHEEHAN, *Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.:*

I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the Convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the Convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

A. B. PARKER.

The telegram was, I thought, unnecessary and premature, but then I was on the ground, and he was not. I knew what people were thinking and intending, and what knowledge was guiding their action, and he did not. From his standpoint it was a candid, manly, brave, and even necessary, thing to do. From our standpoint it was useless, and showed either supersensitiveness to newspaper criticism, or a laudable and chivalric, but somewhat overstrained, sense of propriety about the possibility of being placed in a false position before the delegates and before the country. We saw at once, however, that, with the notion in his mind, he ought to have done just what he did and ought to have done it when he did, instead of waiting for his letter of acceptance. It was the simplest requirement of candor and honesty, if he thought it possible even that he had been nominated under a misapprehension of his views, to wire them, and to direct that the Convention be made acquainted with them before the delegates left St. Louis, so that they might undo anything that the supposed misapprehension had induced them to do.

The Convention's Reply to Judge Parker

The Convention, being under no misapprehension, by a vote of 774 to 191, directed that he be wired to that effect, in these words:

The platform adopted by this Convention is silent on the question of the monetary standard. It was not regarded by us as a possible issue in the campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned. Therefore there is nothing in the views expressed in the telegram received, which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting the nomination on the said platform.

Of the minority voting against sending this reply, the major part of them were followers of Mr. Hearst and other candidates, who had never had any doubt, because they could not have had, about Judge Parker's position, but who hoped out of the suddenness and disorder of it all to reap a reconsideration of the vote nominating Judge Parker, and a nomination of their candidate. All of them were, so far as I know, men who opposed Judge Parker from the beginning. Many even of those who voted against the nomination voted for the reply to be sent. The telegram from Judge Parker as printed brought great relief to his friends and to the delegates. A purported telegram, which had been printed in what seems to be a somewhat irresponsible St. Louis paper, had caused great flurry, excitement, and intense anger. It was to the effect that

he had "demanded" that a gold standard plank "be put in the platform." They know little of the freedom of action which dominated that Convention, its exemption from boss or machine control of any sort, who can not appreciate the effect of the pretended telegram. "We will stop Rooseveltism in the Democratic Party before it starts," was the cry; "we will receive no dictation; a Democratic candidate must learn that he receives his instructions from the Democracy, and not the Democracy their instructions from him." Judge Parker had been nominated by Southern initiative; if the pretended telegram had been genuine, he would have been taken off the ticket by Southern initiative. Already enough had agreed to do it. When it was found, however, that he was merely expressing his own opinion, and the opinion by which he would be guided if elected President, and supplying the hiatus in the platform, as he had a right to do, the revulsion was sudden and enthusiastic. Men said, "He is demanding nothing and dictating nothing; he is merely being manly and honest." Perhaps no more dramatic scene was ever presented in a Convention than when Judge Parker's telegram was read, together with the proposed reply to it. After the author of this article had completed reading them, and a few remarks in explanation and in advocacy of them, and while Senator Tillman of South Carolina was on his feet, Mr. Bryan came into the hall, lips compressed, gait not too steady, because he had been both sick and overworked. The excitement was so intense that even in that immense hall a whisper might almost have been heard. It was rumored about that he had come for the purpose of opposing the reply suggested to the Convention. He was applauded as he passed through the delegates, but it was noted that the applause was neither so deep, nor so long, nor so loud, as previous outbursts in his honor had been. Some resentment was created by his conduct and by his speeches in opposition to the telegram proposed. The absolute truth of all the statements contained in the telegraphic reply could not be questioned. When one of the speakers from the platform made the statement that before the receipt of Judge Parker's telegram the Convention had already known how he stood and that therefore no one had a right to affect surprise—that utterance was cheered, and when later on he turned to the audience and asked: Is it not true that the gold standard is established, and that it neither is nor can now be made an issue, and that nothing but issues are contained in the platform, and challenged any man who denied that statement if there was even one to rise to his feet, and then when he turned from the body of the Convention to the gentlemen sitting on the platform, and looking directly at Mr. Bryan himself, asked him or anybody else if they did not agree absolutely with the assertion to arise, and then added, "Nobody arises; no, not one"—the feeling became intense and the applause hearty.

The whole thing looked like an untoward circumstance at the time, but, looking back over it all, it seems now fortunate, because if there really had been anybody in the United States fool enough to have said on the stump, in a newspaper, or otherwise, that the action of the party in Convention assembled had been tantamount, directly or by inference, to the reindorse-

ment of free silver as an issue, then even the lips of that man are now sealed, and nobody, not even a fool or an unscrupulous enemy, can now pretend to misunderstand in the slightest degree the position of the party.

The papers were filled with misinformation, generally in the shape of headlines: "Hill Surrendered to Bryan," "Hill Overawed by Bryan," "Hill and Bryan Compromise," "Bryan and Hill Agree, the First to Withdraw the Income Tax Proposition, and the Second the Gold Standard Plank"; "Hill, Williams, and Bryan Appointed a Committee of Three to Agree on a Money Plank"; all this *ad nauseam*. There was no compromise—Bryan was voted down. Hill was voted down. Neither ever surrendered or compromised, unless by surrender or compromise it is meant that both agreed when beaten not to make a minority report to that unable-to-hear Convention.

It was I who offered the income tax provision, and who, on full consideration of the improbability of a Constitutional amendment and the inequity of an income tax exempting rents of land—the only sort that could be valid without an amendment—and for other reasons, later withdrew it. Mr. Bryan renewed it. The reasons which had satisfied me in withdrawing it satisfied a majority of the committee in voting it down. Senator Bailey of Texas did propose a compromise, whereby Hill's gold standard plank and Bryan's income tax plank should both be withdrawn. Hill positively declined. Bryan never assented. Hill, Bryan, and Williams were appointed a sub-committee to agree about certain minor financial questions, but not the question of monetary standard. That sub-committee never met. Hence no minor matters were reported or adopted.

Hard Work in Committee

I would not consider it within the limits of propriety to say anything about what occurred in the meetings of the Committee on Resolutions, whose transactions ought to have been considered as if in executive session, were it not that the newspapers have published what purported to be the proceedings of that committee in detail. These reports contain just enough truth to be harmful, if not dangerous, as half truths always are—just enough truth in certain particulars to necessitate telling the whole truth as to the points thus "set down in malice" or in error. Then, too, Mr. Bryan, Senators Carmack and Tillman, on the floor of the Convention, and ex-Senator Hill and others in interviews, have discussed its proceedings with regard to the points referred to by me here. I have referred to nothing which had not become, in one of these several ways, in some sense public. I have never witnessed anything more intense nor more self-contained than the determination of every member of that committee to bring out a unanimous report without the sacrifice of any principle.

There was need in the committee, and need indeed, of sleepless work and ceaseless tact, and of that rare virtue, the courage of self-repression.

All were forthcoming in measure unstinted.

May God crown earnest and patriotic efforts with useful success!

"WAYS THAT ARE DARK, AND TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN"

By ROBERT L. DUNN, Collier's Staff Photographer

Mr. Dunn, whose excellent photographs of the Japanese army in Korea have been published in Collier's during the past four months, has just returned from Tokio, a victim of the peculiar methods adopted by the Japanese authorities in their relations with the foreign correspondents. Mr. Dunn was fortunate enough to get into Korea before the Tokio authorities could hold him up, but they finally succeeded in turning him back from the front, and forced him to join the hundred or more foreign correspondents who have been "marking time" in Tokio since February. Mr. Dunn was given a pass to go with the so-called "third column," but as, up to the present writing, the "second column" of correspondents is still in Tokio, Mr. Dunn's judgment that there was scant probability of the "third column" ever starting seems to be fairly well vindicated.

IT TOOK me less than twenty-four hours after my landing at Chemulpo together with the vanguard of the Japanese army to discover that I had been nourishing a set of wholly mistaken impressions concerning the Japanese and their qualities—not their qualities as fighters, but as men—as a race.

I was the first of my profession to land on Korean soil, and I thought myself a very lucky man. I was armed with passes, letters, authorizations, and every conceivable kind of document that could serve to smooth my path and open otherwise closed gates. I had started for the seat of war with words of encouragement and well wishes from the officials that speeded my way. My equipment was designed to meet every emergency without ever becoming a burden. If ever man started under auspicious circumstances, I did, and yet I never got further than Sunan, fifty odd miles north of Ping Yang, Korea's old capital. That was the crest of my hill, from which, like the King of France, I simply had to march down again, with my ponies, my baggage, and my passes. All because I had failed to take into account a Japanese quality unknown to me—their smiling evasiveness, which enables them to break a promise as easily as a child breaks a new toy. But, unlike the child, they know very well what they are doing, and they do it because they find it ever so much easier than to tell a man straight to his face that he may not do a certain thing. And in this connection I must tell why: if a combination of words could be imagined that might render the sound of my native language hateful to my ears, it would be this: "I am so very, very sorry for you."

How many times I have heard that phrase pronounced by smirking Oriental lips, each time to let me know that I had been deceived and foiled again!

The first time I heard it was in Chemulpo on the momentous night of February 8, when General Yasutsuma landed the advance column of the First Army. And the general himself was the first one to acquaint me with it. For he began the Korean campaign by playing a trick on the little group of newspaper men who were fortunate enough (as they thought) to be on hand at that early stage of the game.

The landing of troops continued far into the night, and as long as the opportunity lasted I busied myself

taking flashlight pictures. Those were really the only happy and satisfied hours I spent on Korean soil. The scenes I witnessed were weird and picturesque and full of promise of still better things to come. I was warming up to my work, sure of a successful issue, and still undisturbed and undisgusted by that fatuous, incessant, thousand-tongued phrase that poisoned every hour of the days and weeks and months that followed till I gave up the task: "I am so very, very sorry for you!" It was my intention to go right on to Seoul, the capital, that night. There was a train that would take me there. But I had to see the commanding general first, of course—just as a matter of formality, I thought then. General Yasutsuma appeared genuinely pleased to see me. He was politeness incarnate and promised me every possible help that he could render, but he discouraged the idea of starting for Seoul that night. Better wait till next morning, he said. He would leave at six o'clock himself, and I could accompany him. The train would be crowded, but his card would set everything right for me.

The Japanese General Equivocates

I was so pleased that I spent all night developing the films that represented the result of my first day's work at the front, until it was too late to think of sleep. The new day had not yet dawned when I betook myself and what was mine to the railroad station.

There was the station, but—I rubbed my eyes, I pinched myself. Yes, I was awake, and the railroad depot was standing in front of me. But the place was dead. Not a soul, civil or military, was to be seen. Nothing happened. The thousands that poured out of the transports the night before had vanished as so many bodiless phantoms. Six o'clock arrived unannounced by bell stroke or trumpet blast. No train, no soldiers, no general!

A few railroad employees and natives were the only ones to make their appearance. Seven o'clock arrived. A train backed up. It was the regular morning train for Seoul. A few passengers boarded it. So did I.

At Seoul I found all the soldiers again. They had undoubtedly been boarding the trains at the very hour I was talking with their commander the night before.

He was at Seoul, too, but I did not attempt to see him. I called on the Japanese Minister instead, and was received with such cordiality that I said to myself, "This chap is nice enough to be an American." If I could go on? Certainly; what was there to prevent me? Didn't I have my passes, etc.? So I went on with my ponies, my baggage, and my passes, Ping Yang, on the road to the Yalu, being my goal.

So far I had at least received alleged, if not actual, information when I asked questions. Now I soon found that the situation had changed. Twenty odd thousand Japanese soldiers had been landed in Korea. They had taken possession of the entire southern part of the Hermit Kingdom. The Russian Minister, M. Pavlov, had been regretfully but firmly hoisted out of the country. The Japanese now threw off the cloak of humility and stood forth in warlike attitude of defiance. Those who were in Korea seemed to carry a chip on their shoulders and to invite the rest of the world to knock it off. I didn't think it was up to me to try it. Nor did I bow down to their new dignity and cringe for favors. But I had to ask for information. What I got was that "I am so very, very sorry for you."

The overland journey from Seoul to Ping Yang proved an exceedingly hard one. Some almost insurmountable obstacles were encountered. But I managed to push on. On the road I was all the time passed and repassed by detachments of Japanese soldiery. They were a quiet, orderly lot, on the whole. One reason for this, it seemed to me, was that they knew no better than to trudge on like so many sheep in the wake of their leader. I have no quarrel with them, anyhow.

But scattered among the weary, footsore soldiers, and disguised to suit their errands, traveled the would-be builders of the new Japan, the men who think that the outcome of the war depends on them, their shrewdness and their so-called "secret service." The one distinguishing accomplishment of all and every one of the members of that element is their ability to "speak English"—a qualification that may imply anything from a simple knowledge of the "I am so very, very sorry for you," up to a very fair command of our tongue. These men belong neither to the very poor nor to the very rich class. They are not educated in our sense; neither are they as ignorant as their brethren in the ranks.

They are shop clerks and waiters, and men of that stamp, who, by their trades, have been brought into contact with foreigners, particularly Englishmen and Americans, and have thus picked up a superficial acquaintance with the English language. It is a most peculiar class, thoroughly characteristic of the new spirit of the race. And if ever their Island Empire should be brought to ruin, I think they and their "smartness" will be largely responsible for the catastrophe.

I reached Ping Yang three days ahead of the main body of the army, and was just preparing myself for further advance when the following note was handed to me:

"JAPANESE CONSULATE, March 9, 1904

"To Mr. Dunn: Sir—I have the honor to inform you by the order that you would stay here until our Land Forces under Major-General Sasaki proceed for the North.
C. SHINPO,

"Japanese Acting Consul."

The result was that I retraced my steps and sought for an interview with General Sasaki. I got it. He was sorry again, chiefly, it seemed, because I had conceived such an unfortunate idea as to start out ahead of him. I pointed out that I was an American, not a Russian; that I was traveling in a neutral country, and that I was not personally at war with Japan. Those facts had such an effect on the General that he nearly cried. He was an old man, too, and his explanations and arguments seemed as reasonable as they were affable. I almost felt sorry myself—that is, for him. And I could do nothing less than to promise to wait till next morning at ten o'clock and then start for the front in his company. It made the old General seem quite happy and chipper. It even tempted him to announce voluntarily that if a fight became imminent before that hour he would send for me. I thanked him and made up my mind that if he broke faith this time I would never in my life trust the word of a Japanese official again. That night I did some hard thinking and speculating. But what was the use? I had to wait.

Fooled Again

To cut a long story short, I was kept waiting next day in front of the wrecked Korean palace, where the General had taken up his quarters, till five o'clock in the afternoon without even being admitted to the commander's presence, and no matter to whom I turned—adjutants, officers, sentries—I got the same answer: "I am so very, very sorry for you."

At five o'clock an order from the General was handed me. It contained an authorization to start. I made use of it without a moment's delay. How many times I was stopped on the road I can not tell, but I managed to make a new start every time. When night fell I was just passing the homes of Christian missionaries outside of the gates of Ping Yang. Further I had not got. There I was overtaken by a messenger who handed me this note, written with a lead pencil and signed in the same way as the one previously quoted:

"Mr. Dunn: Sir—I beg to inform you it was ordered by our Vice-Minister of the War Department that the correspondents of news who have not got a permission of following our army, or while undecided of, even got it, which troop belong to, should not proceed for the North.

"P. S.—Kindly inform the instruction to the other correspondents of your country."

This astounding document, viewed in the light of General Sasaki's evident desire to detain me under false pretensions, revealed to me in all their beauty the methods to which the Japanese resort in order to avoid granting a reasonable but unwelcome request. I did not stop, and thus I got a chance to prove beyond a doubt the true inwardness of another Japanese war institution—the official interpreter.

I had had a half-dozen different ones assigned to me at different times. None could be trusted. All were spies. As I approached Sunan, a Korean coolie was seen hurrying toward me. He carried a letter in his hand, and while still some distance away he cried: "Ah, Ma-Mok-Sa?"

It means, "Are you a Christian?" When I had answered in the affirmative by repetition of the same words, he handed me the note. It was from the missionaries whose homes were near the Yalu River. Knowing what I was up against, I ordered the interpreters and the coolies to stop with the ponies right where we were. I and my traveling companions walked about one thousand feet away to read the note and talk it over in seclusion. We had barely come to a halt when the clatter of hoofs made us turn round. Our interpreters were scampering away in the direction of Sunan, half hidden in a cloud of dust.

The Interpreters Were Good Liars, Too

The note warned us that the Russian and Japanese outposts were almost in touch, and that we had better press on as fast as we could, if we wanted to witness the first land skirmish, which might take place any hour. Then I guessed what the interpreters were up to, and I got our party started on the run to overtake them. We found the two culprits seated in front of a vacant house at Sunan. They were so very, very sorry that the cold had compelled them to disobey my orders, and that I had had to ride so hard to overtake them. What they had accomplished soon showed itself, when we were surrounded by the entire detachment of soldiers located at that village. One of them spoke just

enough English to lisp out the perennial: "I am so very, very sorry."

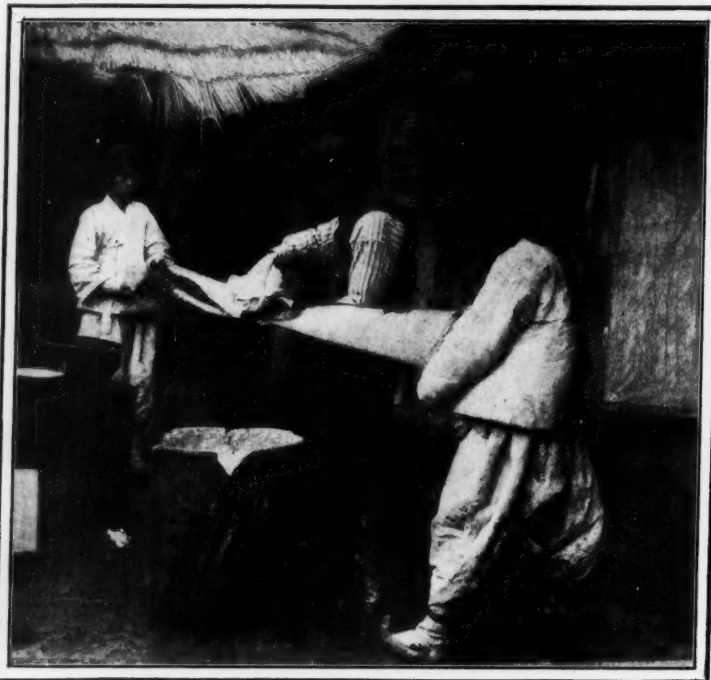
Then he added through an interpreter that he would have to communicate with General Sasaki over the military telephone line, which had already been established, and connected headquarters with the foremost outpost. The man also said that we might personally communicate with the General over the wire. But that proved only another Japanese promise.

Again the Japanese Are "Very Sorry"

To the little house where the telephone apparatus had been put in we all marched. There we stayed for hours. My impression was and still is that every man of that detachment and the interpreters besides had a private talk with somebody at the other end who was said to be the General. I don't know how much I would have been willing to pay just then for a working knowledge of their language, but I suspect that a few hundred thousand would have seemed cheap. All my excited and eager inquiries elicited was: "Can't tell till we are through."

When they were through at last, one of the interpreters informed me in his most solemn manner that General Sasaki had sent this message: "I have very, very great pity for you."

Well, that was a variation at least. And it was the only satisfaction I could get. I was then escorted to a small filthy one-room mud hut, and there I was de-



DEVELOPING A PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM UNDER DIFFICULTIES

While R. L. Dunn was in Korea with the Japanese advance forces the temperature was near the zero mark most of the time. Frequently the liquid in which he was developing the pictures he had taken during the day would freeze, thus ruining his photographs. He took two Korean boys with him on his journey from Seoul to Ping Yang, and with their assistance was usually able to work fast enough to overcome the difficulties of weather and climate

tained four days—a prisoner in all but name. I was next taken to Ping Yang, and from there the Japanese Consul—the same one who penned those remarkable notes—hurried me on to Seoul. The trip was even more trying than when I was traveling in the other direction, but I was fortified by the explicit assurance that all that was needed to end further troubles was an interview with the Japanese Minister at Seoul, who had full power to straighten out the matter and give me credentials authorizing me to rejoin the army.

Unnecessary Evasion and Deceitfulness

But otherwise had fate, or the Japanese nature, decreed. The Minister was sorry, of course. But there was a hitch somewhere. I had to go all the way back to Tokio to set things right. I fumed and flared—but had to go. And I was speeded by eager admonitions to hurry, as the marching columns were "making up" in preparation for a march to the front.

Here was an instance where deceit was not needed. Only custom, or something still more closely connected with the Japanese nature, prescribed that the old, evasive method be employed. To tell a man plainly that he can not do a certain thing, and to stick to it, has evidently never been dreamed of in Japan. It is so much easier to promise with a smile and break with a shoulder-shrug. At Tokio the game is played hourly—at the War Office, at the telegraph office, at the hotels, everywhere. If the war correspondents whom this conflict have drawn to the Japanese capital for longer or shorter stay should record and publish each petty case of misrepresentation of which they have been made the victims, no book of size hitherto seen would be large enough to hold their tale of woe.

I found more than a hundred of them at Tokio, hustling from morning to night in order to get ready in time, and buying a thousand odd things at war prices, so that their equipments might meet every conceivable emergency. That was in April. The Second Army was being mobilized. Every correspondent was keeping ready to start the very next day. But the starting day never dawned.

Some were still unassigned. They secured permission finally to go with the Third Army, which would depart on the heels of the Second. I was one of those told to be prepared to leave on a moment's notice.

As the long days wore on the correspondents began to worry. Their worry found expression in protests. These served to worry the officials in their turn. To get peace, the latter let it be known that a part of the newspaper men would be taken on a special steamer together with other guests to see "the fall of Port Arthur." A wild scramble for a place on that steamer ensued. Nobody seemed to care any longer for permission to accompany the armies in the field. Once they had got their victims that far, the officials announced that those going on the special Port Arthur junket could not hope to get back in time to take part in the rest of the game. This set the men thinking. Those who had been assigned to the two army corps stuck to what they had. Some still unassigned men were slated for the boat trip. The list of the guests to be taken to Port Arthur was printed even, and once more the other men began to feel doubtful of the wisdom of their choice. Those vacillations of mind helped to pass time—they and the shopping which was going on all the time at a ruinous expense.

Spring changed into summer. Fur-lined sleeping bags and firepots that filled each outfit made the days seem hotter than they were. Soon the men began to buy ice-boxes and netting. The whole winter outfit had to be exchanged for one suited to the almost tropical summer. That was another diversion—but a costly one—and still neither the army correspondents nor those invited to see Port Arthur crumble got one step nearer their goals. On June 1 everything was as it had been at the beginning, the only difference being that some correspondents were contemplating the necessity of acquiring a third outfit designed to meet the exigencies of the rainy season.

And through all those long days of tedious waiting the men remained reasonable—very reasonable. All they asked for was a brief and decisive answer to the question: "Can we go or can we not?"

"Time has not come yet," was the only kind of reply they could obtain. "When it does come we shall be glad to let you go."

The Commissary Game

The commissary question was another matter that helped to keep the men worried and guessing. Each correspondent was permitted to select a man as servant, with the approval of the Government. These men, backed by the commissary department of the army, were to charge a certain sum a day for their services, and were furthermore to furnish their masters with three meals a day at a price of about \$8 a day. They were also to cash checks for the correspondents, who had to sign contracts with the men a number of months in advance. In reality, the other party to the contract was the War Department, the servant being designated in each one as "A Japanese." The arrangement proved a sad disappointment. Most of the newspaper men who accompanied the First Army said that often they saw neither their servants nor any commissary wagon for days in succession, and that they never were able to cash a check. To get a new supply of money at the front when the original one had run short was next to an impossibility. Some of the men were compelled even

to leave the army and travel all the distance back to Kobe, Japan, to get the needed funds. The cost of that trip would startle the reader, could it be stated here in dollars and cents. And once in Kobe, the unfortunate correspondents found themselves confronted with a new dilemma. They were unexpectedly told that, having deserted their posts at the front, they could not return. The men protested that they had secured special permits from General Kuroki before they turned back. Sorry, rejoined the War Department officials, but we have changed our minds since the permits were issued. More money was then spent on telegraphing and cabling; more brain-matter on needless and useless worrying. At last the officials relented, and the men were granted leave to return. But they had then lost much almost invaluable time—everything else left aside.

And now I'll go back once more to those that stayed in Tokio, where I had to spend two long, dreary, wasted months. There was one thing that caused even more excitement in our crowd than another broken Japanese promise, and that was the jingling of the little bells carried by the sellers of war extras, or "go-gois." These valuable sources of information were little sheets like handbills, printed in Japanese characters on one side only and sold for a penny. Sometimes they actually contained war news, and the correspondents were able to cable reports (after much troublesome deciphering) straight from the field of battle. And often the same correspondents were summoned to the War Office hours later to receive the selfsame piece of news from the fountain-head of authentic information.

Dunn Gives Up In Despair

I was feeling more and more suspicious concerning the final outcome of that long, one-sided game of waiting. Finally I gave up my assignment to the Third Army. But there was still the boat bound for Port Arthur. They told me I would be sorry, and that the boat would certainly leave before June 1. I waited till the tenth day of that month. Then I shook the dust of Japanese soil from the soles that I had worn thin by tramping between my hotel and the War Office. I went home, happy in the thought of being once more in a land where a promise is meant to be kept, and where a man, if he does not want to do a thing, says so.



"BETHINK YOURSELVES": Tolstoi's Cry to a War-Mad Race

IN the vast prison known as Russia, there is but one free man—Count Lyof Tolstoi. Out of the cloud of darkness hovering over that prison, shines but one star—the genius of Tolstoi. Like one of the great old prophets of Judea, he—a mere writer of novels, and plays, and pamphlets—towers above princes and ministers, and he speaks down as from a supermundane elevation even when addressing the Czar himself, who to him, raised beyond worldly fears and desires, is only "an unfortunate, entangled young man." Taking for his text the warning of Christ, "Bethink yourselves!" he directs a heart-stirring cry, first to his own countrymen and then to the rest of mankind, to open their eyes to the folly, as well as the criminality, of all war. If this appeal had been the work of any other Russian subject, it would probably have cost its author freedom, if not life. But Tolstoi has grown too great for punishment. A blow struck at the venerable seer would hurt the government more than anything else, inside its own borders as well as outside of them. To give our readers an idea of this unique arraignment of the belligerent spirit, still predominating among the most enlightened peoples, a number of excerpts have been so chosen and arranged as to present, in concise and connected form, the spirit of the article and its most striking passages, the doom foretold and the hope held out.

SOMETHING is taking place incomprehensible and impossible in its cruelty, falsehood, and stupidity. The Russian Czar, the same man who exhorted all the nations in the cause of peace, publicly announces that, notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain the peace so dear to his heart (efforts which express themselves in the seizing of other people's lands and in the strengthening of armies for the defence of these stolen lands), he, owing to the attack of the Japanese, commands that the same shall be done to the Japanese as they had commenced doing to the Russians—i.e., that they should be slaughtered; and in announcing this call to murder he mentions God, asking the Divine blessing on the most dreadful crime in the world.

This unfortunate, entangled young man, recognized as the leader of 130,000,000 of people, continually deceived and compelled to contradict himself, confidently thanks and blesses the troops whom he calls his own for murder in defence of lands which with yet less right he also calls his own.

Stupefied by prayers, sermons, exhortations, by processions, pictures, and newspapers, the cannon's flash, hundreds of thousands of men, uniformly dressed, carrying divers deadly weapons, leaving their parents, wives, children, with hearts of agony, but with artificial sprightliness, go where they, risking their own lives, will commit the most dreadful act of killing men whom they do not know and who have done them no harm. Those who remain at home are gladdened by news of the murder of men, and when they learn that many Japanese have been killed they thank some one whom they call God.

The Symptoms of Guilt

All the unnatural, feverish, hot-headed, insane excitement which has now seized the idle upper ranks of Russian society is merely the symptom of their recognition of the criminality of the work which is being done. All these insolent, mendacious speeches about devotion to and worship of the monarch, about readiness to sacrifice life (or one should say other people's lives, and not one's own); all these promises to defend with one's breast land which does not belong to one; all these senseless benedictions of each other with various banners and monstrous ikons; all these Te Deums; all these preparations of blankets and bandages; all these detachments of nurses; all these contributions to the fleet and to the Red Cross presented to the Government; all this dreadful, desperate, newspaper mendacity, which, being universal, does not fear exposure; all this stupefaction and brutalization which has now taken hold of Russian society, and which is being transmitted by degrees also to the masses; all this is only a symptom of the guilty consciousness of that dreadful act which is being accomplished.

Let Every Man Consider

Jesus said, "Bethink yourself"—i.e., "Let every man interrupt the work he has begun and ask himself: Who am I? From whence have I appeared, and in what consists my destination? And having answered these questions, according to the answer decide whether that which thou doest is in conformity with thy destination." And every man of our

world and time, that is, being acquainted with the essence of the Christian teaching, needs only for a minute to interrupt his activity, to forget the capacity in which he is regarded by men, be it of emperor, soldier, minister, or journalist, and seriously ask himself who he is and what is his destination—in order to begin to doubt the utility, lawfulness, and reasonableness of his actions. "Before I am emperor, soldier, minister, or journalist," must say to himself every man of our time and of the Christian world, "before any of these I am a man—i.e., an organic being sent by the Higher Will into a universe endless in time and space in order, after staying in it for an instant, to die—i.e., to disappear from it. And, therefore, all those personal, social, and even universal human aims I may place before myself and which are placed before me by men, are all insignificant, owing to the shortness of my life as well as to the boundlessness of the life of the universe, and should be subordinated to that higher aim for the attainment of which I am sent into the world. This ultimate aim, owing to my limitations, is inaccessible to me, but it does exist (as there must be a purpose in all that exists), and my business is that of being its tool—i.e., my destination is that of being a workman of God, of fulfilling His work." And having understood this destination, every man of our world and time, from emperor to soldier, can not but regard differently those duties which he has taken upon himself or other men have imposed upon him.

War is a Self-Inflicted Calamity to Men

And the moment the head of the State will cease to direct war, the soldier to fight, the minister to prepare means for war, the journalist to incite thereto—then, without any new institutions, adaptations, balance of power, tribunals, there will of itself be destroyed that hopeless position in which men have placed themselves, not only in relation to war, but also to all other calamities which they themselves inflict upon themselves.

So that, however strange this may appear, the most effective and certain deliverance of men from all the calamities which they inflict upon themselves and from the most dreadful of all—war—is attainable, not by any external general measures, but merely by that simple appeal to the consciousness of each separate man which, 1,900 years ago, was proposed by Jesus—that every man bethink himself and ask himself, Who is he, why he lives, and what he should and should not do.

Fifty Thousand Men Must Die

I had finished this article when news came of the destruction of 600 innocent lives opposite Port Arthur. It would seem that the useless suffering and death of these unfortunate deluded men who have needlessly and so dreadfully perished ought to disabuse those who were the cause of this destruction.

In order not to let the Japanese into Manchuria and to expel them from Korea, not ten thousand, but fifty and more thousands, will, according to all probability, be necessary. I do not know whether Nicholas II and Kuropatkin say, like Diebitsch [at the time of the invasion of Poland by Russia], in so many words, that not more than 50,000 lives will be necessary for this on the Russian side alone, only and only that; but they think it, they can not but think it, because the work they are doing speaks for itself; that ceaseless stream of unfortunate deluded Russian peasants now being transported by thousands to the Far East—these are those same—not more than 50,000 live Russian men whom Nicholas Romanoff and Alexis Kuropatkin have decided they may get killed and who will be killed in support of those stupidities, robberies, and every kind of abomination which were accomplished in China and Korea by immoral ambitious men now sitting peacefully in their palaces and expecting new glory and new advantage and profit from the slaughter of these 50,000 unfortunate defrauded Russian workingmen guilty of nothing and gaining nothing by their sufferings and death. For other people's land, to which the Russians have no right, which has been criminally seized from its legitimate owners and which in reality is not even necessary to the Russians—and also for certain dark dealings by speculators, who in Korea wished to gain money out of other people's forests—many millions of money are spent—i.e., a great part of the labor of the whole of the Russian people, while the future generations of this people are bound by debts, its best workmen are withdrawn from labor, and scores of thousands of its sons are mercilessly doomed to death. And the destruction of these unfortunate men is already begun.

How Escape from Fighting?

More than this, the war is being managed by those who have hatched it so badly, so negligently, all is so unexpected, so unprepared, that, as one paper admits, Russia's chief chance of success lies in the fact that it possesses inexhaustible human material. It is upon this that rely those who send to death scores of thousands of Russian men!

Yesterday I met a Reservist soldier accompanied by his mother and wife. All three were riding in a cart. He turned to me:

"Good-by to thee! Lyof Nikolaevitch, off to the Far East."

"Well, art thou going to fight?"

"Well, some one has to fight!"

"No one need fight!"

He reflected for a moment. "But what is one to do, where can one escape?"

A Sham and Hollow Glory

I saw that he had understood me, had understood that the work to which he was being sent was an evil work.

"Where can one escape?" That is the precise expression of that mental condition, which in the official and journalistic world is translated into the words—"For the Faith, the Czar, and the Fatherland." Those who, abandoning their hungry families, go to suffering, to death, say as they feel: "Where can one escape?" Whereas those who sit in safety in their luxurious palaces say that all Russian men are ready to sacrifice their lives for their adored monarch and for the glory and greatness of Russia.

WAR

By ROBERT BRIDGES

And this is War!

The vengeful spirit of an ancient race,
Clad in brave armor, wounded in its pride;
The joy of battle in its mailed face,—
Driving its foemen, like a rising tide
That swirls the sea-folk on the curving beach
And leaves them stranded there to rot and bleach.

And this is War!

A peaceful highway on a sunny hill,
A file of busy ants that bravely toil
Until they meet their fellows—stop to kill—
And then march onward with the robber spoil;
When from the clouds a sudden, driving rain
Sweeps them, unheeding, to the flooded plain.

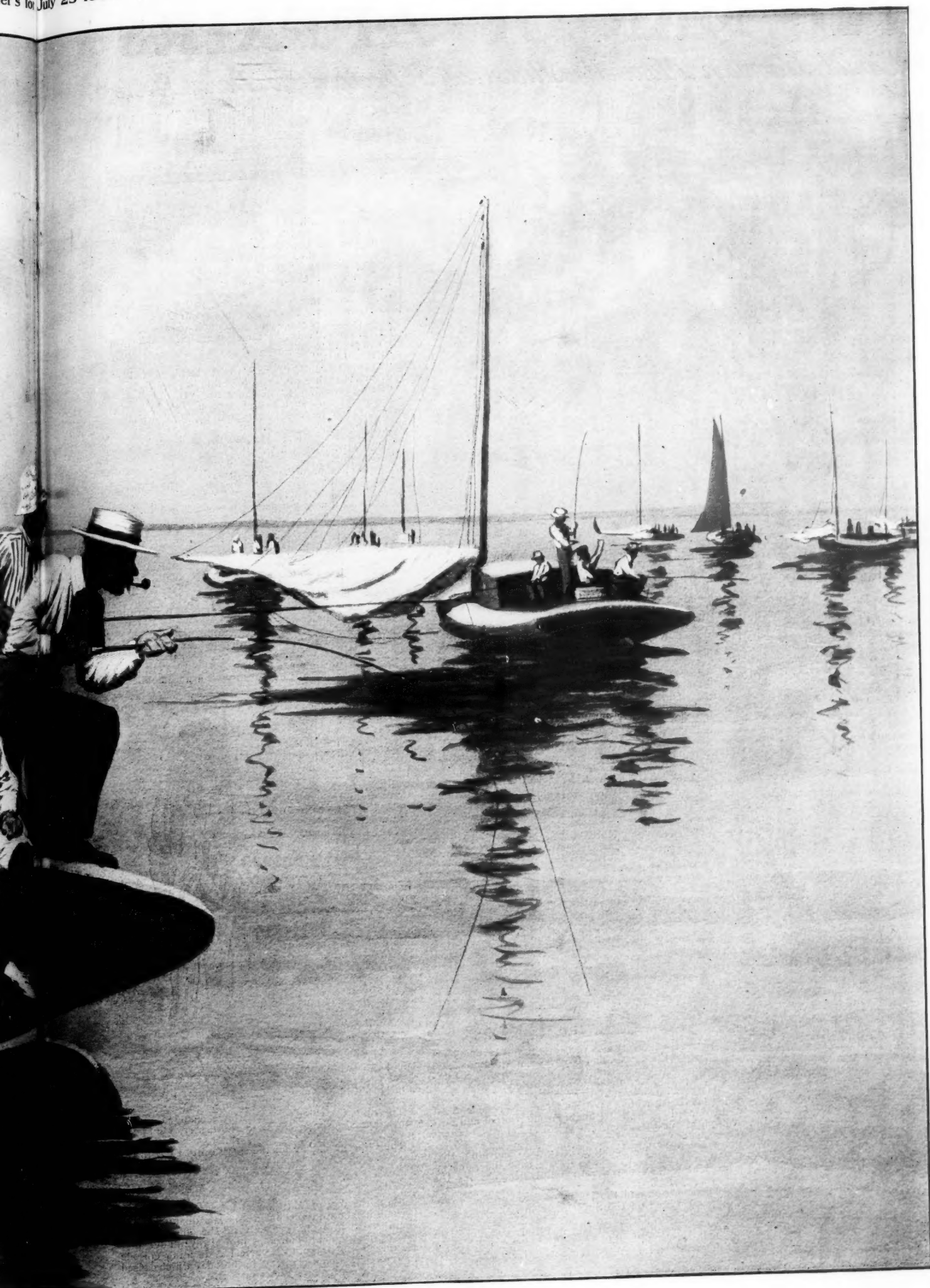
And this is War!

An eddy in the dust, a troubled pool,
A pebble in the river's mighty flow—
Man's feeble effort, like the painted fool,
To prove that he is master of the show;
While laws immutable uplift the clod
And mould him to the purposes of God!



"FISHIN' OFF L

DRAWN BY A. B.



OF LONG P'INT"

AWN BY A. B. FROST

MATT: MAN OF AFFAIRS

By Nathaniel Hamilton Maxwell... Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele



THE lull of the early afternoon had fallen upon the office. The distant pounding of the machines overhead, the droning of the typewriters, mingled lazily with the street noise below and seemed bent on putting the office force to sleep.

In the inner office, which was inclosed by a wooden railing from the rest of the big room, the General Superintendent in his shirtsleeves stood propped against his desk, resting over a cigar. The Assistant Superintendent nearby, with half his earlier energy, was laboring with the agent of an out-of-town concern and was apparently in trouble. Just beyond the railing, a clerk lolled on his elbows reading a newspaper. The morning seemed to have worn every one out.

A boy appeared at the far end of the office, walked deliberately by several clerks who called out to ask what he wanted, opened the gate of the inner office and slid into a chair.

The Superintendent looked at him inquiringly, but he neither offered explanation nor removed his cap. His clothes had been cut down to fit him. He was like a diminutive man, a drayman reduced to boy's size. The face was keen and thoughtful, but over it spread so worn a look that he seemed the impersonation of fatigue.

After a minute he glanced up from under straggling locks of hair with big, gray eyes.

"Mister, I'm lookin' fer a job."

He pulled off his cap and smiled.

The Superintendent had been watching him closely. The boy was unusual, even if his story was an old one.

"There don't seem to be no demand fer me. I begun lookin' at five this mornin'." One duck says to me, 'Get out, before I kick yez.'"

A droll look overspread the jaded face.

"What's your name?" the Superintendent asked.

"Matthew Matthews is my real name; and some calls me by my first name, and some by my second, but everybody calls me 'Matt.'"

"Matt Matthews or Matthew Matt," remarked the Superintendent reflectively.

"Yes, sir."

"What can you do, Matt—everything?"

"Naw, sir."

The Superintendent noted a difference between former applicants and this one.

"That's queer. I thought fellows like you always could."

"My mother says nobody kin do everything," said Matt, standing up. "But if you'll give me something to do, I kin do it."

The Assistant Superintendent had overheard the last few sentences.

"Matt says he can do anything, but not everything," he remarked to the agent. "That's one on the Superintendent."

He passed the cigarettes and both began to smoke and to grin approval.

"If I gave you a job, Matt, would you get a hair-cut out of the first day's wages?"

The boy ran his fingers through his hair and cast a tired smile about the office.

"I kin get it clipped wid the horse-clippers at the fire-engine house an' save my first day's wages."

"What if there was a fire?"

"Like one kid," said Matt. "He had a black crop



on him, and the firemen said that oughtn't to run loose, an' they cut an alley like, down the middle of his head, when ding-a-lang-a-lang the bell rung, an' the firemen dropped the clippers and swung on just as the engine was goin' out, an' the other kids yelled at him, an' his mammy was goin' to get the firemen arrested, only it was a false alarm, and they was back an' finished it before she could get a warrant swore out."

"He must have been a sight!" put in the assistant encouragingly.

"I got a hair-cut over there not long ago, but it grewed awful long like, pretty quick."

Matt ran his fingers through his hair again, this time very slowly.

"Maybe looking for a job makes your hair grow," suggested the Superintendent.

"That's what I'm thinkin' myself," said Matt. "I see in the penny paper that nearly all of them millionaires is baldheaded."

The Superintendent felt the top of his head hastily, then pointed at his assistant with a warning laugh.

"Do you hear that, Charley?"

The assistant had seen what was coming and was looking the other way, much absorbed.

"Matt says, Charley, that if you millionaires spent more time looking for work there would be fewer of you baldheaded."

"Do you smoke, Matt?" asked Charley, passing the cigarettes.

Matt had sunk into the chair again. He declined with sleepy thanks.

The agent picked up his hat to go, saying, as he did so: "You can take our order at the terms you last named." He turned to the Superintendent, "I wish you could see your way clear to give that boy a place. I recommend him."

The Superintendent had made up his mind already.

"Matt, you can come to work to-morrow morning at three dollars a week. Now go home and go to bed. Here's a dime to ride on the cars with."

Matt pulled his cap over his eyes, said "Thank-ye" feebly, stumbled through the gate, and passed out to the street—tired, but "a fellow with a job."

II

WHEN the janitor came next morning he found Matt waiting at the door. The boy was not tired now, and had succeeded in getting his hair cut without the distressing complications sometimes caused by fires.

Matt said he was there to work, so the janitor divided his labors with him. When the engineer came, Matt introduced himself with the same words and was promptly despatched to the hardware store on urgent business.

Everybody heard, on arriving that morning, that Matt was there to work, so by the time the Superintendent came there were general demands for the boy's services.

The engineer and the janitor elbowed up to the railing and waited on the Superintendent. Charley completed the group.

"I can use him, sir, and in fact I'm needin' him in the engine-room," said the engineer with a bad frown.

The Superintendent gestured negatively with the flat of his hand.

"A boy's what I been astin fer over a year, sir," averred the janitor with an argumentative thump on the railing.

The Superintendent shut his eyes. "No, no! No, no!"

"Why not put Matt in uniform for the President's office?" suggested Charley with the air of a discoverer.

The Superintendent had heard Charley say, the night before, that they would not have got that out-of-town order had it not been for Matt, so he had decided to keep him near at hand as a mascot. He motioned them away.

"You millionaires go about your business," he exclaimed, "or you'll all be baldheaded before your time. Leave Matt to me." Whereupon the meeting dispersed and the Superintendent addressed himself to Matt, who just then came in from the last of his early morning errands. "Matt, do you know where the Standard Paper Company is?"

"Naw, sir."

"Well, take that package there, will you, and get back right away. Here's six cents carfare."

Matt put the package on his shoulder and started out.

"Hey, there," said the Superintendent. "What car are you going to take?"

"Green Line."

"Thought you didn't know where the place was!"

"Ain't that the only three-cent line in town?"

"Believe it is, Matt," he chuckled. "Go ahead."

He began work on a pile of papers. Before he was half through he was interrupted by Matt, who had returned.

"What's the matter? Where's the package?"

"I give it to the girl."

"What girl?"

"At the Standard Paper Company."

"At the Standard Paper Company?" the Superintendent asked incredulously.

"Yes, sir; a woolly-headed girl wid a silly grin."

"Sounds like it!" Charley put in from a distance.

"What's her name? Mollie, Kittie, no, Katie, that's it!"

"Kittie's her name," said Matt. "A big tall duck wid a satchel give her a box of candy wid 'Miss Kittie McGreg' written on the top. Then you ought to see the grin."

The Superintendent was a brief time at the telephone.

"Kittie says it is there," he announced doubtfully.

"Matt, how in the name of common-sense did you get back so quickly? That's a terrible distance."

Matt fumbled in his hat and produced three cents which he laid on the table.

"I seen a duck with red socks and goggles out there at the end of the car line waitin' wid a automobile. I says to him, was he goin' to the Standard, and when he seen the size of the package I was wid, he says, 'Yes, get in.'"

Gee! but them people make time. Soon I seen a yellow brick, wid 'Standard Paper Company' written on it, and a light brick next, and a big shed across the street, and I says to him, 'What's that light brick and the shed?' and he says, 'Them's the Standard Paper Company's,' and I says, 'Why ain't they got the name up?' Then he grinned like and didn't say nothing, and I says to him, 'That ain't no way to run business, is it? wid people goin' by in the trains thinkin' it's a powder-mill.' Then he says to me, would I hurry, he was ridin' downtown and I could go wid him. I seen them callin' him 'Jerry' at the shop, so I called him that. He's some duck. Gee! but his machine kin travel."

The Superintendent and Charley exchanged significant glances. They recognized the description of the speeding treasurer of the Standard.

The Superintendent put the three cents back in the drawer.



His position required him to look well

III

FROM the day of Matt's first appearance there, he became a factor in the business. His quaint expressions passed into the vernacular of the office, and his never-failing good humor kept him always in demand. He was destined, too, to become the deciding episode in more deals than the one on his first day which caused his appointment as the secret mascot.

On one Monday morning, Charley expressly hurried Matt in, to vary the monotony of haggling details raised by a stupid fellow whom he would have pitched out of the office had it not been for the interest he represented.

He gave Matt some involved instructions about the rearrangement of his letter files.

Matt took orders like a train-despatcher, and began execution with a hearty good-will that was quite irresistible. A look of interest from the Bore was repaid with an extraordinary smile.

"You seem to be in a hurry."



"There don't seem to be no demand fer me"

Matt smiled again and redoubled his energies. "You'll die young that way, sure."

"I'm dead already and back again," Matt confided. "What did it look like?" asked the Bore.

Matt cast a glance at Charley for leave to continue the conversation.

"Big white dome, all lit up; fellow takin' tickets at the gate."

"Indeed!" grinned the Bore. "Price of admission reasonable, I hope."

"Aw, you couldn't buy in. That gag wouldn't work. One dilligation wid badges tried that. They went back countin' their money and kickin'." Matt winked at his chief with the off side of his face.

"I suppose they had overcharged customers in the former life," insinuated the Bore.

"They was wid a bum Company," Matt explained.

"I suppose, then, you got in all right."

"I give 'em the firm's cable address, and the fellow says, real quick like, 'Front seat and scorecard; mineral water free!'"

Matt dodged an imaginary kick and disappeared out the gate.

"I guess you people must be all right!" the Bore chuckled to Charley.

"I guess so," he answered rather flatly. "Suppose, then, we call it a go!"

"Very well," said Charley.

"Sorry to take so much of your valuable time, sir."

"Don't mention it."

Charley had proved himself the man for an emergency. The Bore shook hands with him and departed. Charley waited to let him get well out of the building, then took up his hat and left.

The Superintendent, who had been away all morning, suddenly came stamping into the office. Something had gone wrong. Matt said, "Good-morning," inquiringly, and became the first available object of his wrath.

"Sorry you have decided to leave us, Matt," he said dryly.

"How's that?" A look of blank amazement overspread the boyish face. Could it be possible?

Ordinarily the Superintendent would have repented of his joke immediately.

"Me leave yez!" Matt's gray eyes were blinking rapidly.

"I saw you talking to the preacher yesterday on the street, and from the way you were dressed up and giving him the right-hand gesture on the left-hand side, I thought you must be going into the preaching business and were practicing a sermon. And I say, we are sorry to lose you."

Matt was too much alarmed to see the joke.

"Oh, no! I'm goin' to stick to the business wid yez."

The voice was very much strained, and the Superintendent saw, for the first time, that he had wounded.

"Well, what were you having such a thundering big time with the minister about?" he asked, half apologetically.

Matt swallowed.

"Well, this was how it is. We had one of them Indian missionaries teachin' us at Sunny-school and he gives us a letter, and that, wid pictures of Buffalo Bill's Custer's massyger, and then again the Indians all sittin' around dressed up."

"Then he gives us, 'Every little helps,' and that; and some said they can give a dime, and some fifteen, and one duck wid paten' leather shoes, and that, says he could give a quarter, and when they comes to me, I feels sorry for the Indians and I says, 'Put me down for a quarter, too.'"

"Then they all give me the laugh, thinkin' I couldn't get it, and the fellow wid the paten' leathers let on as if his jaw was comin' off, from laughin'. But the missionary says to us, 'Bring over your money to-night, and we'll send it all at wonce.' And when I went home, I ast my mother to give me one of my quarters, and she commenced to cry, and that, and she says that the doctor comin' to see my little sister, wanted his money and she give it to him. Then I says she done right. But I kept thinkin' of 'em givin' me the laugh when they seen me again."

"Then I kept lettin' on to myself I knowed what to do, and so after a while I goes down to Granny Griggs's on the first floor—I'm always goin' to the grocery for her, and that. She's got religion. And I says, did I hear her say the family Bible was too big for her to read, now she was gettin' old? And when she says, 'Yes,' I asks her, could I sell her a nice handy Bible for a quarter, and she says to me, 'Sure.' And I says, 'The trouble is, I haven't got the Bible yet,' and she says, 'When you get it, bring it in, and I'll have a quarter.'"

"Then I goes to my Sunny-school teacher, and I says to him, did I hear him say he was giving Bibles to them as learned the Catechism, and he says to me, 'Yes,' and I says to him, 'Trouble is, I want it right away,' that I was earnin' it for an old lady that might die, and she couldn't hold the big family Bible any more."

"Then my Sunny-school teacher says, 'Tell the preacher I say you'll learn it all right, and for him to give you the Bible right away.'"

"And the preacher didn't know what I was tryin' to do to him till I told him, and that's when you seen me."

"Then he give me the Bible, and I took it to Granny Griggs, and she says, 'My! that's too cheap, I'll pay you thirty-five cents.' So when the time come, the fellow wid the paten' leathers, and that, says he could give thirty-five cents, too, if his allowance wasn't all gone. Gee! But there's some jaw-breakers in that Catechism. My mother couldn't think why I was readin' it so bad."

The Superintendent's face was a study.

"Don't worry, Matt," he exclaimed. "You can stay with us."

Matt evinced his relief with one of his finest smiles, and went back to his work.

When he left the office a few moments later the Superintendent called the bookkeeper.

"Harry!"

"Yes."

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"I think we had better put him in charge of our banking business."

"Well, Harry, the thing is just this: if ever I say,



"When he seen the size of the package I was wid, he says, 'Yes, get in'"

"Matt, here's fifteen cents carfare; throw this paper-weight into the English Channel!—why, let the Allied Powers look out for a splash."

IV

THE anniversary of Matt's first appearance in the business world was always celebrated at the office. Upon the day that marked the turning of the first year, he appeared with a new tie and with a rose in his buttonhole.

"Married?" inquired the Superintendent.

"Naw, sir. I'm here a year."

"What, is it a year to-day?"

The Superintendent made a brief survey of the lad. He had grown in physique and had advanced in usefulness. There was general improvement, extending, perhaps, even to his grammar.

"You have had one raise in salary, Matt, haven't you? When was it?"

"That was the Monday you thought I was goin' to be a preacher."

"Oh!" answered the Superintendent thoughtfully. "Well, Matt, I believe we shall have to give you another advance in honor of the occasion. You can count on us for an increase of a dollar per week."

Matt was much affected, but recovered in time to reply fittingly:

"Thank you; I'm much obliged. A fellow here can feel himself expandin' with the business."

Another year passed. As on the first anniversary, Matt was decorated with a rose. His headgear had now advanced from the old cap to a broad-brimmed hat, for he considered that his position as assistant collector and second assistant banking man (when there was no one else there) required him to look as well as possible. On this occasion he was again honored with an advance in salary. The toasts followed and good-fellowship reigned in the office.

The ceremony over, the Superintendent proceeded to business.

"Here are two bills for collection," he said. "One for twelve dollars and eighty-five cents and the other for nineteen dollars. Get the money, and when you have finished that" (he handed Matt a check) "go to the Traders' Bank and draw this check."

"One hundred and ten dollars," Matt read aloud, "Rider & Company, Traders' Bank."

"Do you know the teller at that bank, Matt?"

"Williams is his name," he answered. "He's married to that Jerry's sister at the Standard Paper Company's—fellow that run over a street piano wid his automobile."

"Married, is he? Well, if you say so, Matt. Now, there will be one hundred and forty-one dollars and eighty-five cents—the most you have ever carried in cash. That's in honor of the day."

"One hundred and forty-one—eighty-five," Matt repeated as he folded the papers in his pocketbook.

The Superintendent began work upon a pile of opened letters spread in front of him. A half-hour later he

looked up suddenly. Matt was coming toward him, his face working nervously, his fingers clutching the rim of his hat. The conclusion was inevitable.

"Lost!" exclaimed the Superintendent; "how much?"

Matt handed him a roll of bills and two dimes. "Not all, thank fortune," the Superintendent said as he took them. He counted aloud rapidly. "Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, hundred, ten, twenty, thirty! One hundred and thirty dollars and twenty cents. Eleven dollars sixty-five cents missing. Where is it?"

Matt's face was its own answer.

The Superintendent laid down the money with a gesture of impatience. "If you fellows that are so anxious to advance would take better care of money you are carrying, we should all get rich quicker. The money is gone, I suppose; if so, the incident is closed. Be more careful next time, that's all."

Matt spoke. "I guess I done wrong. But if I lost it—it wasn't no kerlessness."

The Superintendent looked up inquiringly.

"If you have anything to say, Matt, speak up!"

"What happened was this: I went down to make my first collection, the twelve-eighty-five one, and while they was countin' out the money, and that, I hears some duck say to a fat fellow wid a diamond pin, 'You don't mean Rider & Company!' as if he was surprised, and then I seen that the fat fellow stuttered like, 'S-S-Strait tip!' he says, 'R-Rider & Company c-can't pay. K-keep that to yourself,' he says like. Then I says to myself right away, 'Rider & Company are the people this check is from, maybe I'd better hurry to bank; I might get there ahead of somebody else.' And then is when I disobeyed orders, because you says collect the two bills first and then go to bank."

The Superintendent's mood had changed to one of attention.

"But I says, 'If I go to collect first I might lose out,' so I goes straight to bank, and when the payer—that's Williams—looks at the size of the check, he commences to kid me right away, because I know him, and givin' the other payer the wink like, he says to me, 'You must be goin' into the bankin' business yourself!'"

"What's there in bankin' for a fellow fixed like me?" I says, and all that time he was countin' the money about four times, and he picks it up and throws it down again in front of him, like as if he was thinkin', and I says to him I was in a hurry, I wasn't talkin' to my girl. 'Wait a minute,' he says, and then he calls through the wires to the bookkeeper, and he asts him real quiet-like, how Rider & Company's account stands. Then I seen it was up to the bookkeeper, and I steps over to the window where he was. 'Ninety-eight-thirty-five,' he says to Williams real soft. Then Williams talks to the receiver and cashier a while, and he comes and hands me back the check and says it ain't good. 'Why ain't it good?' I says. 'They haven't got the money in bank,' he says. 'Quit kiddin' me,' I says, 'and pay your debts!'"

"Then he laughs kind of funny and says that I don't believe him but it's so, and he says to come around again in a little while, probably Rider & Company would be in and make a big deposit."

"Not from what I heard," I thought to myself. Then I walks over to the desk, where the people write their checks and things, and I thought to myself, 'Ninety-eight-thirty-five,' the bookkeeper says to Williams they've got in bank, that leaves eleven dollars and sixty-five cents, and I makes out a deposit slip, eleven dollars and sixty-five cents to the credit of Rider & Company."

"Deposit slip!" the Superintendent exclaimed. "Yes. I made it out just like you showed me that day, for our firm, and I takes the money out of what I collected, and I deposits it and then I goes to the payer—that's Williams—and I gives him the check again."

"Then he gets kind of mad and says how long does it take some people to get an idea through their heads, and I says, 'The check's all right now. Somebody just made a deposit for Rider & Company.' And then he goes to the receiving teller and to the bookkeeper and the cashier and they was all gesturin' wid one another, and finally the payer—that's Williams—walks back, picks up the hundred and ten dollars where it was lyin' and hands it out. And that's how I am eleven dollars sixty-five cents short. I put it in the bank, so I could get the other out, and I says to myself, 'From what I heard we might not get anything. This way we get ninety-eight dollars thirty-five cents.' Then I made the other collection—nineteen dollars—and if I done wrong you can take what I put in bank, eleven dollars sixty-five cents, out of my wages."

A boy appeared at the railing. "Extry, sir? All about the heavy failure!"

The Superintendent glanced at the headlines, "Rider & Company Fail. Will Pay Fifteen Cents on the Dollar."

He had read halfway down the column when he was interrupted by an altercation between Matt and the newsboy.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded.

"I guess this kid is waitin' on the money for his paper," Matt explained. "I told him to come back to-morrow, you were busy readin' now."

"Oh!" the Superintendent exclaimed absently. "Here's a nickel." He plunged again into the details of the failure.

"You can lay the three cents change on the table," Matt suggested to the boy. "Please call again."



"If you have anything to say, Matt, speak up!"



THE LIFE OF THE CROWDED WAY

By SEWELL FORD, Author of "Horses Nine," Etc.

ONE begins, of course, on a farm. It may be a very ordinary sort of farm, where they raise hogs and corn as well as horses, a farm where you are broken and trained by a Danish-born ex-herring fisherman, for example. Or it may be that you start on a fancy stock farm, where they breed to the line, where they give you as much care as if you were an heir to a throne, where there are box stalls, velvety paddocks, Yankee trainers, Cockney grooms, balanced rations, and all that.

But start any way you may, if you come up fit, if you are the cream of the get, the chances are nine to one that, when you are two, or three, or four, you will leave the pasture with its sweet grass and soft brook water, you will quit forever the yielding dirt roads of the country, and you will be sent to do your work in the crowded ways of the city.

Your nerves will be tested and your temper tried before you are city broken; but if you come to it young, if the thing is done properly, and if you've any sense of your own, it will soon be over with.

True, it is tough, at times. If you are, for instance, a high-strung coach, fresh from a Michigan stud farm, and find yourself with your tail sewed up in red flannel and a tag on your bridle, abruptly shunted out, car sick and nervous, into the din and clamor of the crowded ways, you will probably make a mess of things. You will hear whirring sounds, clangs of gongs, shouts of men. You will dodge and rear and try to squat on your haunches. Then, just as likely as not, some fool car hostler will slap you across the face with a rope halter or kick you in the ribs. That will be his way of teaching you manners. It's a poor way, of course. Your head will buzz, your bones will ache, and you will be on the verge of panic. You will wish in vain that you were safely back in paddock or pasture, kicking the turf and practicing your colt antics.

Almost before you know it, however, you will be in the hands of men who understand you and know what you need. Then, before you have had time to eat your head off, you will be set to work doing some one of the thousands of things still left for horses to do.

For a week or so you will have a tremendously uncomfortable time of it. You will worry your driver a lot, and you will be of precious little use to any one. Then, gradually, you will learn many things. You will come to know that the strange devices which move about the streets are not designed expressly to do you harm. Those terrifying red and black affairs with fat low wheels and big, glaring eyes, things which go pop-pop-pop and occasionally snort weirdly, they will do you no injury, in spite of their ferocious aspect and the fantastic garb of the folks who ride in them. At first you will start and prance when they shoot past, but you will be surprised to see how quickly you will get over that. Other horses, you will notice, pay them no heed. Your mate, if you are working double, will give them not even a glance.

In less than a fortnight you will not twitch a muscle when a big, vermilion-colored touring car, with a bear-skin-coated, blue-goggled, leather-capped chauffeur, puffs by your nose. You will learn

to know the ring of a cable-car gong, the rattle of an ambulance, the overhead roar of the elevated cars, the shrill whirr of the trolley wire, and the other major notes that go to make up the thundering chorus of the city streets. You will be able to distinguish—but this will only come in time—the warning clang-clang of fire apparatus, and you will hug the curb when you hear it.

Your first trip across a big bridge will make you prick your ears and set your flanks a-quiver. One moment you are on solid pavement, with the thronged sidewalks and towering buildings shutting in on either hand; a moment later, and your hoofs are stamping hollow notes from splintered planks, which seem to give and sway and vibrate in a most alarming fashion. Peering out beyond the blinders, you see that you are up in the air. With ears pointed, nostrils blowing, you turn and look.

You crowd against the pole and dance a bit. But you get over safe, and when you have crossed half a dozen times you forget all your fears. It is much the same in traveling on ferryboats.

In the end you come to see that you have your place in all this tangle and din, to feel that you have certain rights of way, and that you need have no care other than to keep your head and handle your feet. This last is no easy thing to learn. You know this after you have barked your knees over manhole covers and strained your thighs with side slips on flat car rails or greasy asphalt. You plant your caulk with care, and you acquire the knack of finding a toe hold. You learn to throw your weight on the collar when you see a sharply tilted ferry bridgeway, and to settle on the backing straps when a helmeted policeman grabs your bits in the thick of a street jam.

Such wisdom as this, and much more besides, you must get before you are city broken. But when you have it, when you know the rules of the road, then you go about in the crowded ways, doing as best you can the thing which you were bred to do.

Perhaps you are a big ton-weight Percheron from out Iowa way. Then your business will be the heavy haul. You will wear a Boston backing-hitch rig, with brass-tipped hame irons and half-inch leather traces that an elephant couldn't break. You may go out single on a Custom House truck, but the chances are that you'll do your work in double harness; or, it may be, in a triple-breast team

with a brewer's wagon, or a beef or flour truck, behind you. Long hours will be your lot. You will be hooked up at five or six in the morning, and you'll not stable until six or seven o'clock at night. You will need all your weight, too, for they do pile the freight on those big trucks. Cold weather you'll not mind a bit. There'll be exercise enough to keep you warm. But you'll sweat when August comes, and at all seasons there will be plenty of work for your big muscles to do.

Yet they'll treat you well in the heavy draught service. They'll feed from eighteen to twenty-four quarts of good oats a day, you'll always find a lump of rock salt in your manger, they will curry you good, look sharply after your feet, doctor a shoulder gall the minute it shows, and give you two days' resting swing a week. Kind of them? Not a bit. It's business. You cost a lot, you do, and you earn your keep a dozen times over.

If you stand only fifteen two or three, if you're blockily built, with a banded tail and plenty of spring in knees and hock, then there's an entirely different lot of work cut out for you. You'll be

mated and hitched to something light and shiny, something with rubber-tired wheels and broadcloth cushions. It may be a brougham or a park carriage. Or, if you're big enough, you will work single in a jiggly, two-wheeled trap or a private hansom with nickel gig lamps. You'll wear quarter blankets with somebody's monogram or crest in the corner. You may be overworked, but the chances are that you'll be stall-weary oftener than harness-tired.

Most likely you'll live on the second or third floor of a big boarding stable along with two or three hundred other horses. If they feed you full rations, and the hostlers don't beat you with shovels, you'll be lucky. Make friends with the hostlers if you can. They're a cheap lot, those you find in boarding stables, and often they're wicked ugly on the sly. If you must kick one, kick him hard. But don't bite. Nothing gives a horse a bad name quicker, and besides it isn't manners.

You'll look rather gay in your silver-mounted harness, with perhaps a liveried driver and footman on the box, and you'll have a lot of fun jingling your pole-chains and stepping high along the avenues and park drives.

But three or four years of this will take the ginger out of you. You'll lose form and action. Your knees and hocks will grow stiff from the long waits in the cold and the sudden starts from the curb.

Then you will begin your visits to the sales stable. You will not wear monogrammed quarter blankets and crested rosettes after that. You'll pull public hacks and grocers' carts and milk wagons.

Now, with a stepper it's different. They are the real horse aristocrats. They come to town in style, traveling in palace stock cars—padded box stalls, you know—with their own stable grooms sleeping at their heels.

Those are the ones that have registered sires—out of Wild Fire by Sir Brandon (2.10 1/4). At the big Garden sales you may see them. They'll have their names, pedigree, and owner's statement printed in a book, and the bidding will start at two hundred with fifty-a-clip better until the hammer falls. And you'll hear the auctioneer saying things like this: "There, gentlemen, there's as promising a little mare as you'd wish to draw rein over. As you see by our catalogue, she's a Directum. Looks it, too, don't she? A Directum, gentlemen? Couldn't ask for any better blood than that, could you? Now, if you want something for matinee use or Speedway brushes, here she is. Mouth like a kid glove, disposition as sweet as new milk, clean legs, and dead game, I'll promise you. Trainer, just let out a few links of chain lightning around the cinder track, will you?

That's it! Give her room, gentlemen. Stand back at the turn! How's that for action? Clean and clear, eh? No boots, you notice. There! Now she warms up to it. Hi! hi! Clear track! But you should see her step a mile straight away. Gentlemen, if that little mare can't knock splints off fifteen I—I'll eat her harness. She's a Directum, remember, and her blood sister has a record of eleven and a half. Whoa! That'll do. Now, what am I offered? Two hundred? Fifty? Three hundred, I have. And a quarter, now? I

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At the sales stable



The brewery wagon's triple team



The big city express wagon



In the public service



The king of the road



Poor treatment from Uncle Sam

am bid three hundred and a quarter, gentlemen! Who'll make it—Ah, fifty! Thank you. Three fifty, gentlemen!"

That's the way it goes when you're from Palo Alto or Columbus, or Terre Haute, or Lexington, Kentucky, and promise speed. Suppose you make good? Then you're in clover. You become the pet of somebody at once. You go to a private stable—steam-heated, electric-lighted, composition floors, sanitary plumbing, and braided straw mats for your boxstall. You'll eat selected oats and fancy hay. You'll be



Big fellows for the heavy draught

exercised in double blankets and hood, and two or three times a week, when the stock market's not too lively, you'll be taken out to a sixty-pound spider-wheeled road wagon for a jog up the Speedway or out on the Lake drive. You'll win a brush or two, and you'll feel so cocky that you'd go to the post with Lou Dillon or any other record-smasher as quick as you would tackle a country trotter. And the man in driving coat and dust goggles will be just as bad. He'll begin looking up events and talking knowingly with trainers, and at the club he will throw out hints to the effect that he might like to meet some one on a track somewhere—oh, quite privately, you know—for a little purse.

No, there's nothing much better than being in the Gentlemen's Driving Class. But, really, those swells have little to do with the great work of the crowded ways—no more than have the hunters, who come to town during show week, or the saddle horses, that live a sort of hothouse existence in the riding academies and on the park bridle-paths.

It's the common, every-day light draught, such as are sold in carload lots at the Chicago and Buffalo markets, that do the real work of the city. They come in from the West and East and South. They are shipped in from Canada. They haven't a number in any stud book. They boast no registered sires. They are of any and all breeds. They never see the inside of the Garden. They are to be found at the sales stables about the Bull's Head, where their destinies are shuffled carelessly at the rate of two to the minute on busy days.

When they are young and sound and well mated they are gobbled up by the big concerns. The express companies use a lot of them. You're well taken care of in an express stable, but the drivers get out all that's in you. They want tight traces and a lively pace, with

a ton or two on the axles. Wait until you've been through the holiday rush and you'll know what work is. You'll be all right, though, so long as your hoofs stand the pounding; but the moment your feet go bad back you travel to the sales stable. Then there's trouble ahead. If you are lucky you'll go out of town with some farmer, and six months of dirt roads will put you in shape again. But you're most liable to stay in the city as a cheap horse. A delivery wagon is the most probable thing. It's not a pleasant prospect—scatter-brained youngsters for drivers, third-class boarding stables, long hours, poor feed, and the least possible care.

At this period you may expect almost any kind of work, from general carting to pulling a Fifth Avenue stage. If you're real skinny, have a spavined leg, and look fit for crow bait, then you may be enlisted into the service of Uncle Sam and haul a mail wagon through the city. But, perhaps, some self-respecting junk collector or fruit vender will buy you. He will feed you enough to work on, at least. Or you may be hooked up with another relic to a moving van.

To be sure, there are a few snug berths, even for mongrel light draughts in good condition. There's the Fire Department. If you happen to get on an engine or hose wagon or ladder-truck team, and if your nerves are sound, you are, barring accidents, well fixed for years to come. It's a matter of nerves, however. If you've got too many you'll not last in that business. If you get in the habit of listening for the jigger, and fussing every time you're run under the collar, you'll fret the fat off your ribs in no time at all. Then they'll ship you back. But if you take things easy in the house, put your last pound on the traces when you get the word, and don't get excited when bricks and



Very near the three-dollar mark

copings fall about you, you'll be taken as good care of as a Speedway crack, and you'll last as long as it is good for a horse to stay in harness.

If you have clean legs, good wind, and strong loins, there's one chance in a thousand that you'll be picked out for service with the mounted police. Then you'll wear a yellow-trimmed saddle blanket, and carry a

rider who will treat you as you would like to be treated. During most of your tour of duty you'll do nothing save stand on a park roadway watching the high-toned rigs go by, but once in a while you'll have a chance to show your speed in rounding up a runaway.

You may start high or you may start low, but mainly you will finish about the same. There may be a few



Sorry nags that haul the mails

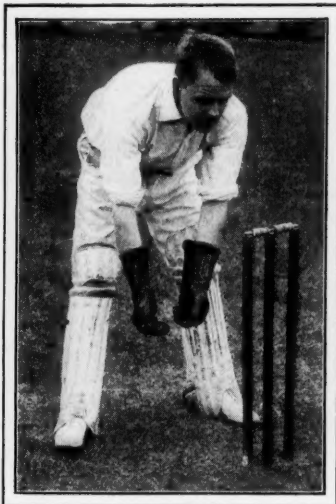
homes for aged and disabled horses—actually, there are such places—but their capacity is limited, and for the great majority there awaits the three-dollar knock-down with a ride in White's hansom as an end to all things.

You reach the three-dollar mark after you've been through a lot, which it is not nice to think about. You hobble up to the block with sprung knees, sunken eyes, obvious ribs, and stiffened hocks.

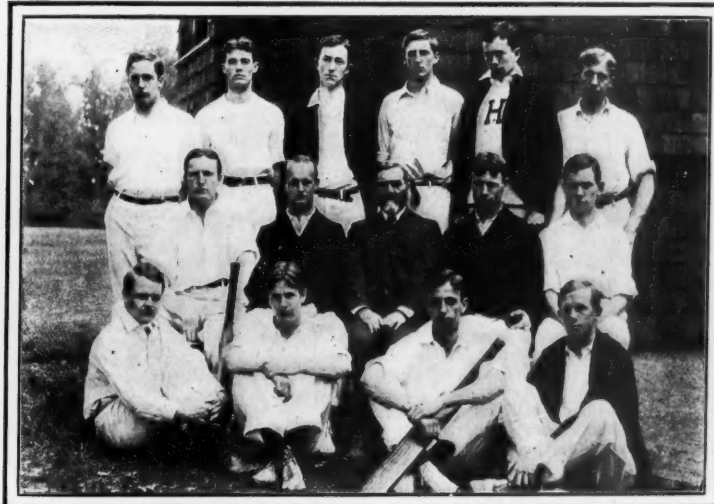
"Here's a frame for you, gents, an elegant frame," shouts the auctioneer, and the buyers smile at the ancient jibe. "Who wants the old skate? He's warranted to stand without hitching, gents." The "gents" laugh, and when the bidder gets his three-dollar prize they roar.

That's your last sale, however. Somewhere, perhaps on the very corner where you once gave a driver an anxious moment as you danced about and tried to tear things loose, you drop. They take off the harness and leave you. A policeman telephones to White—White of the Dead Horse Dock. Then you ride in the hansom. It isn't a hansom, of course. It's a low-swung, four-wheeled, covered box with a windlass that hauls you in.

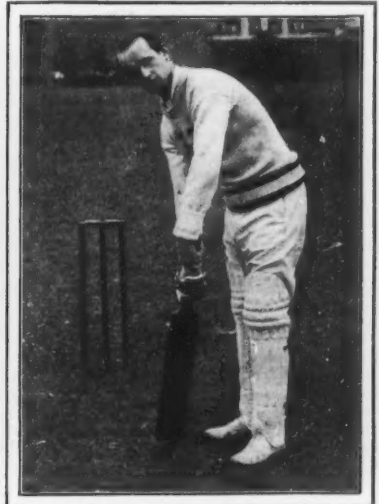
But you're past caring. What if they do take you to Barren Island? What if your bones are worked up into toothbrush handles, your hair into mattress stuffing, and the rest of you into glue and fertilizer? It's all in the running. You have done your share of the city's endless toiling. It has used you up and you have been cast aside. Well, the city does that with men, too. But you have lived the life of the crowded way—lived it from top to bottom—and if that isn't worth while, what is?



R. T. Lowry



The Haverford College Cricket Team of 1904



C. C. Morris, Captain

AMERICAN CRICKET PLAYERS VICTORIOUS IN ENGLAND

WHEN the Harvard-Yale track team, which is soon to meet the Oxford-Cambridge team, arrived at Queenstown the other day they had the pleasure of reading in that evening's English papers that another team of Americans, who had been playing cricket up at Winchester all that day and the day before, had met their English cousins at their own game, and after the pluckiest sort of work had pulled themselves out of what seemed pretty certain defeat. It is always pleasant to see Americans meeting Englishmen on field or river, and it is particularly pleasant and gratifying to see a team of American cricketers play the ancient and honorable English game well enough to compete on even terms with those who play it in its home.

This is the third visit of the Haverford cricketers to England and the seventh American cricket team to compete in the mother country. The "Gentlemen of Philadelphia" first went over in 1884, played eighteen games, won eight, lost five, and made a draw of five. The Philadelphia cricketers went abroad again in 1889, 1897, and in 1903. Haverford, the only American college team to attempt play in England, first sent a team over in 1896. Fifteen games were played, of which four were won, four lost, and seven were draws. In 1900, Haverford again sent a team to England, which ended

its visit with the same result, except that one less game was played and one less was won.

The Haverford cricketers have met, or will yet meet before they leave England, all of the famous English teams, including those of Oxford and Cambridge, of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, and a team chosen from the famous Marylebone Club, which numbers among its members nearly every cricketer of repute in England. The team's first match was with Rugby School—for an American team to meet an English school cricket team is, of course, quite a different thing from the meeting between American college and school teams in such games as football or baseball—and it resulted in a very even draw.

Haverford met her first Waterloo at Malvern College on June 30 and July 1, in a two days' match. She was very easily beaten, although Captain Morris made a "century," the first for the visiting team during their tour. The entire Malvern team batted like veterans, and Haverford was beaten by over two hundred runs. The next day, however, saw a reverse. Haverford easily disposed of the Clifton College team, and won their game by a good margin; and, by way of celebrating the Fourth, Haverford won from Marlborough College in a two days' match by 114 runs.

On July 7 the Americans had the pleasure of playing

at Lord's, the "home" of cricket in England, and of meeting and defeating a team from the crack Marylebone Cricket Club. It is the custom of this famous club to gauge as nearly as possible the ability of an opposing team, and then to put in a team just good enough to make a close match and, generally, to win. Of course, were Marylebone to put her strongest players against an American team, the result would be so nearly anticipated as to destroy much of the interest in the match. Playing in this generous and sportsmanlike fashion, therefore, Marylebone was beaten, though it must be said that the American eleven put up a game that they could well be proud of. No less a personage than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle played for Marylebone—and played very excellent cricket too—and the audience was large and brilliant. The score was Haverford 247, Marylebone 144. The game with Winchester College was played on July 11 and 12. The "Wykehamists" declared their innings closed on the second morning with a total of 422, expecting to win with an inning to spare. But Captain Morris of the American team resisted the attack of the Winchester bowlers so pluckily and cleverly that he was still in with 147 runs to his credit when stumps were drawn. The final score was Winchester 422, Haverford 178 (first inning) and 252 for nine wickets.

THE THOUGHT OF THE NATION

AN OPEN FORUM OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION

A New Corporation Policy Needed

By Hon. Peter S. Grosscup

The name of Judge Grosscup of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has been familiar to the public ever since his famous injunction against Debs helped to break up the Chicago railroad strike in 1894

UNDER our system of separate national and State Governments it sometimes happens that the policy of the State may not be the policy of the nation; and that as citizens of the nation we may be in conflict with ourselves as citizens of the State. In this double character of government is to be found the explanation of the peculiar corporation policy which we, as a nation, have not consciously adopted, but into which we, as a people, have unconsciously drifted.

When the original line between the State and national powers was run, the power to create and deal with corporations was left practically to the States. At that period, corporations were few and their relative importance small; for the property of the country was owned and managed almost entirely by individuals. To-day we are compelled, whether we wish it or not, to live at each other's elbow, and from each other's hands. Isolation is gone. The corporation is here to stay. Honestly organized and managed, it is civilization's way of making masses of men and their accumulations effective.

But under prevailing policies, almost any enterprise, exempt from inquiry into either the reason or the basis of its organization, can obtain a charter from some State. This kind of license is called industrial liberty. To promote and enlarge that character of liberty, States have raced with States, old Massachusetts only recently joining in the dash, until the resulting corporation policy of the country may be summed up as a free field and go-as-you-please for every kind of corporate organization that human ingenuity can contrive. As the laws now stand, five men can meet in a room in any State of the Union, and, laying a silver dollar upon the table, prepare papers that incorporate an enterprise purporting to have assets of a million dollars; then, having impressed upon this transaction the State's great seal, repocket the dollar, and call themselves a million-dollar corporation. Of course, corporations thus organized can not live. They are born bankrupt. It only remains for time to break the seal that certified their solvency and thus unmask their bankruptcy.

Honest men have organized honest corporations, that deal honestly with the public, with the shareholders, and with their employees. These enterprises are bright stars in that quarter of the firmament toward which our national destiny swings. I have found them in every part of the country, and in almost every industry. I honor them. Posterity will honor them as the examples that helped to save. But under the prevailing public policy, dishonest men, launching dishonest corporations—and, what in the long run is the same thing, visionaries launching enterprises so loaded down that no fate remains but to sink—have equal access to the great seal of government. Already our pathway is strewn with the wrecks of the structures thus set up, and all about them bleach the bones of the victims who gave them their confidence. These men and their works I have said repeatedly I hate. They bring nothing to humanity but suffering, and leave nothing to mankind but disgrace. To lend them the seal of government, to do with as they will, is to deliberately incorporate dishonesty.

The Trust Danger Exaggerated

By Edward Sherwood Meade

Prof. Meade is instructor in commerce and industry at the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania, and the author of numerous books and articles on the important financial problems of our day

WITH the general decline in their stocks wholesale condemnation of the trusts has largely disappeared. The conviction everywhere deepens that the earlier apprehensions, that the public would be injured by monopolistic extortions, were much exaggerated. When one industrial after another passes its dividends, when the greatest trust of all does little more than earn its interest and depreciation charges, the results of trade monopoly are not much in evidence. The capitalization of the trusts was based upon the assumption that monopoly profits would be earned. The phrase "economies of combination" was generally interpreted as the elimination of competition. If the trusts had proven a financial success, the achievement of monopoly in many lines would have been a natural inference. Now that they have proven a financial failure, the persistence of competition may be inferred.

Financially considered, most of the trusts can not be looked upon in any other light than as schemes for making money at the expense of the public, which have inflicted incalculable injury upon the persons who had anything to do with the securities. The recent passing of the dividend on United States Steel common stock offers a forcible illustration of the folly of those who put their trust in princes, magnates, and captains of

industry. The financial losses of the trust movement, however, should not blind us to the industrial benefits which the nation will derive from the era of consolidation.

The trusts have proven the advantages of fostering the export trade. They have shown intelligence and a spirit of moderation in dealing with their employees. They have illustrated the profitableness of the integration of industry, the uniting of all stages of production under a single ownership. They have concentrated production at the points of highest advantage. They have, generally, maintained stable prices, and have corrected some of the most flagrant abuses of the competitive system, such as indeterminate contracts and special prices to large consumers. They have, in the last place, shown much enterprise in developing trade, by liberal advertising, by improving the quality of the products, and by enlarging their foreign markets. In a word, the trusts have set a high standard of business policy, below which it is unlikely that their competitors can successfully fall.

So far as present indications point the way to a conclusion, it is that the so-called "trust problem" will, in a few years, cease to be a problem. When the people see that the dangers of monopoly have been much exaggerated, when the water has been squeezed out of the trust stocks, and after the investor has taken over the control of these companies, it is probable that the agitation against the trusts will die away, and public attention will be directed to other matters.

Equal Guardianship of Children

By Susan B. Anthony

As the foremost living representative in this country of the women's emancipation movement, to which she has devoted the better part of a long life, Miss Anthony has rare qualifications for the discussion of this subject

WHEN I read the statement so frequently and flipperily made that "the laws are as just to women as to men," many instances to the contrary fill my mind. I recall how for seven years—from 1853 to 1860—myself and a number of other New York women trudged from door to door with our petitions asking property rights for wives and equal guardianship for mothers. And I remember distinctly how women shut the door in our faces with the assertion that they "had all the rights they wanted." And this, although the husband was legally entitled to the wages earned by the wife and the father was the sole custodian of the persons, education, earnings, and estates of minor children, could apprentice them without the mother's consent, and dispose of them by will to her entire exclusion!

Our petitions, which increased to over twenty thousand names, were received by the Legislature with indifference and contempt, some members in violent speeches branding us as "unsexed women," "home-wreckers," and "infidels." A sense of justice finally prevailed, however, and in 1860, while Mrs. Stanton and I were in Albany, that splendid law was enacted which gave to the wife absolute control of her wages and property, and equal guardianship with the father over the children. But two years later, when the women, devoting all their energies to the heavy demands of the Civil War, were unsuspecting and off guard, the Legislature, without any provocation or excuse whatever, quietly repealed the Guardianship Law and took away from the mother every vestige of control over her children. Thus it remained for over thirty years, until in 1893 the former law was reenacted.

The women of Massachusetts labored thirty years with the Legislature of that State before securing the Equal Guardianship Law of 1902. And now, after fifty years of agitation for a measure so just that it seems incredible a voice could be raised in opposition, just nine States and the District of Columbia grant to mothers the same guardianship as to fathers. On this roll are Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New York, and Washington. In all other States the father is the absolute owner of the minor children.

This unjust law is based on the assumption that by providing for the financial support of the children, the father is entitled to their absolute guardianship, and that the mother's ceaseless care and labor in the home for their welfare possess no adequate value. Nor is any account made of the risk to her life with every child that is born; nor of the greater constancy and devotion of mothers, as proved by the records of neglect, ill-treatment, and desertion by fathers in every State. This is but one of many instances which might be cited in answer to the assertion that the laws are as just to women as to men. If the latter chose to take advantage of the power which they legally possess, there would soon be an uprising of women and a revolution of public sentiment that would cause them to be wiped off the statute books, but usually some flagrant case must occur before their existence becomes known. The customs of the United States allow so much freedom to women that in general they are not aware of the rope which is firmly tethered to the statutes and may be tightened at any time.

In Defence of Partisanship

By Hon. Frank S. Black

The words of ex-Gov. Black of New York have peculiar appositeness just now when the echoes of his speech nominating President Roosevelt at the Chicago convention are still ringing in the ears of the American voter

THE true significance of things must not be lost. Wars were never won except by blood. Principles were never planted except by sacrifice. Deeds that are written across the sky were not achieved by men reclining in the shade. The secrets of the ocean and the exultation of discovery never came to him who only wrote his name in the puddles that follow a summer's rain. These things should never be forgotten. The realities of the world should never stand aside for phrases. The things that are should hold the waking eye, and visions should be kept for sleep. Gratitude should keep its index-finger on the man who did, and not upon the one who said. Sophistry is a pleasing companion but a dangerous guide. A promise of a smaller favor yet to come will sometimes obscure the memory of a greater deed already done. All these things are true in every avenue we tread. And Politics, which at times is crude and soiled, but which at best is queen of all the sciences, is no exception to this rule. If Politics is sometimes the scorn of sober minds, she owes her degradation no more to those who have befouled her with the roughness of assault than to those who, by claiming virtues they never had, have gained her favor.

No contest can be long maintained except by those whose souls are in it, and no principle ever settled deep in a human heart that did not make of him a partisan. Partisanship is nothing but conviction, and without conviction man wanders with neither star nor compass. He puts to sea without a rudder and lands on any shore where the natives are kind and the climate is serene. The politician who is not guided by a firm belief will join any cause that offers him promotion and reward.

I never believed in a man who did not himself believe in a cause. I never trusted a politician whose creed was so humane that he embraced under it all men and all opinions. Whoever repudiates in small things the principles he professes in larger ones proves his insincerity in all.

The training of the Church is a sham unless it pervades the community and the home. A belief in a party is a sham if a man throws it away upon the first offer of advantage to himself.

Every great chapter in the world was written by a partisan. Every great deed which courage and devotion could perform, the partisan has done. Every crisis that has raised a front so terrible and threatening that only the best and bravest could hope to win, the partisan has met. Every great cause which called for hopeless years of suffering and demanded men whose struggles ended only with the grave, has enlisted only partisans. Out across the vast and never-ending plain of human sacrifice the marks that will be visible as long as men shall come this way, are the footprints of the partisan: and the imperishable monuments to liberty and truth are built upon his bones.

The Republic of Canada

By Frank B. Tracy

A journalist by profession, and a student of modern social and political phenomena, Mr. Tracy has paid special attention to the Canadian question, which long residence near the border gave him excellent chance to study

OUR neighbor on the north is having her usual share of the perplexities of this world. The opening of the Canadian Northwest by Americans has introduced the problem of the future political temper and economic impulse of the new settlers, and the Tories are confronted with the apparition of a disloyal and seceding half of the Dominion. The Alaska boundary award has caused profound dissatisfaction and a well-nigh universal suspicion that Canada's rights have been made a votive offering on the altar of Anglo-American friendship. The Chamberlain preferential tariff scheme is a two-edged sword, and, while it seems framed to benefit the colonies, it places Canada in a position of such close relation to England as to constitute dependence, a condition which every stout Liberal in the present Government, especially the Premier, has vowed again and again he would not endure. Canada's answer to Chamberlain can not be long delayed, for the approaching general elections will force it from the reluctant Laurier. These embarrassments of Canada are peculiar. Indeed they are unique. While Canada has many rights and privileges of an independent nation and pays no tribute to England, she is hampered by the knowledge that she is ruled from London after all. This is a condition which can not long be endured by a really great people. And the Alaska award has brought before Canadians one especially humiliating fact: on the question of her right to her own territory, one of the most dearly prized rights of a nation, she has not the deciding voice! Thus she realizes how far removed is she from real independence. The discon-



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tent consequent upon these conditions is broad and deep, Ottawa officialdom to the contrary notwithstanding; but the real source of the hurt lies not so much in to-day's questions as in the country's peculiar geographical position and the international intricacies which that position involves. Canada is the only dependency in the world which lies alongside a great, civilized, alien power. America is right here; England is far away. The Republic is forever a loadstone for the best of Canada. It is this contiguity of our great democracy to the nearby colonies which has alienated them from their mother countries. It cost Spain Cuba and Mexico, and it is a source of sedition to every colony in this hemisphere. Of course, Canadians are not disloyal to Great Britain, but one can not read the debates in the Ottawa Parliament or hear the conversation of intelligent Canadians without realizing that colonialism with all its privileges has been a fetter. Those who combat the prediction of the ultimate absorption of Canada into the United States with the assertion that Canada is becoming a nation, that there is a growing national spirit, and that the new settlers consider that they have become Canadians, not British subjects, are only showing how strong is the spirit of resentment at London rule.

Canada is a vast, a great country. Her people are full of energy, strength, intelligence, and honest zeal. Her institutions are admirable, worthy of our imitation in some instances, and in respect for law and order she probably surpasses us. But she can not reach her highest development so long as she feels that she is not free, as free as the greater land to the south.

The City's Allurement

By Hamlin Garland

Mr. Garland spent his youth on a farm in Iowa and afterward tramped over the greater part of America and temporarily resided in nearly all of the great social centres

It is of no avail to cry out, "Back to the farm, young man," so long as the city offers more of what youth calls civilization. On the farm is toil—monotonous, treadmill toil—with scant, infrequent social intercourse. In the city is companionship, the swift and dramatic movement of men, alluring glances of strange women, theatres, and daily news of the world—everything that makes up life. All the possibilities are there. Something happens every hour, every minute. The street is a perpetual play.

On the farm is a surer living, with plenty of food, and a certain serenity, but in the great centres of population are the glittering chances—the potentialities. The century's marvels dwell therein. They go to the city poor and unknown, and come back rich and famous to buy the old farm as a toy. The youth who is ambitious to be a master goes naturally to the town. The farm for him is a blank space—the city teems with plots and plans. The son who remains on his father's farm must elect to be a farmer and nothing more, but the one who goes to the city has a thousand possible trades and arts to choose from. He can decide to be a merchant, artisan, artist, or professional man. He may master electricity or invent vast systems of transportation, or make himself a power through the press. On every side the old masters are dying, and the men from the country must be ready to take their places. The possibilities—the imaginable possibilities—there form the city's irresistible lure.

It is of no value to say to these ambitious, these foolish young men, "The chances are against you—only one in a thousand succeeds." They answer—each with a proud lift of the head—"I am the one," and who of us in the city can not be silenced by that look in the eyes of youth? And so they come—the majority to disappointment and bitterness and defeat—the few to win glittering success.

The only way to keep boys on the farm is to rear them in ignorance of the great forces which centre in the city. To send them to college is fatal. To permit the daily papers will undo all your teaching. Biographical dictionaries must be kept out of their reach; then when they are reduced to the mental level of the peasant they will remain on the soil, content and spiritless.

To judge from tendencies well in evidence to-day this movement of the bright boys and girls from the country will go on until only the newly imported European peasants will be left on the ancestral acres—till in the cities (or zones immediately surrounding the cities) will be found the remnants of the native New York, New England, and Virginia strains—living by craft and living as always in the light of power.

I say zones, for there is already a counter movement setting in—a return to the land is about to be made. But do not be deceived. It does not mean a return to the ancestral acres—it is in fact only a return to picturesque country seats within commuting distance of the office and the theatres. Important and beautiful as this movement is, it will not check in the slightest degree the stream of ambitious young men and women ceaselessly pouring into the city in search of a larger life—a closer contact with their fellows and the curious centres of the world.

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FACTS AND FANCIES

A Considerate Parent

Algernon: "Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?"

Arabella: "No, I haven't. He never uses that kind of language before his family."

□ □

A Great Occasion

VON BLUMER came into his wife's room rubbing his hands, a glow of satisfaction on his usually calm face.

"Let's celebrate," he repeated. "Come, my dear, put on your glad rags and we'll go off and have a real good time. First a nice little dinner at the restaurant you like so well, then an evening at the theatre. How long will it take you to get ready?"

Mrs. Von Blumer gazed at her husband in surprise.

"Can we afford it?" she asked doubtfully. "Afford it! Why, of course, we can. Do you suppose I would make the suggestion if we couldn't afford it?"

"But it was only yesterday you were pleading poverty. What has happened?"

"Happened!" exclaimed Von Blumer. "Why, I'll tell you what has happened. You know that old, last summer's suit of mine. Well, just now, as I was going through the pockets, I'll be hanged if I didn't find a dollar bill."

□ □

THE DRIVING CLOUD

By Harold Melbourne

"O PRITHEE note the driving cloud,
'Tis up there in the sky."

"Why driving?" "Cause it holds the rains,
And that's the reason why!"

□ □

At St. Louis

THE St. Louis Exposition is doing very well, but at present it is incomplete, and it is understood that, in the near future, in order to bring it up to the usual standard of honorable and upright expositions, the following additions will be made:

Japan will send on her latest collection of Russian battleships.

Boston will exhibit a complete showcase of her newest religions.

Alfred Austin will be put up in Machinery Hall in a glass case and will write war odes during the morning hours.

Mrs. Nation will mix drinks in the Aquarium.

Four custom-house officials, in the act of stripping an American citizen and ripping open his baggage, will give daily matinees.

Andrew Carnegie will give away libraries on a special platform on the Pike.

John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s Bible Class will have a vaudeville performance every evening at eight.

One of the newest features will be a New York restaurant in full action, reproducing to life the table manners of each guest, and showing how it is possible to put thirty cents' worth of adulterated food on a table and have it changed into three dollars in thirty minutes.

In Financial Hall, J. Pierpont Morgan will make mergers while the crowd looks on.

Russell Sage will exhibit himself daily in the act of saving money.

□ □

An Undesirable Quality

Customer: "I want to look at some samples of a good quality of carpet."

Salesman: "Here is something I think you will like. It can't be beat."

Customer: "Well, I don't want that kind."

Salesman: "Don't want that kind? Why not?"

Customer: "I want something that can be beat."

□ □

"Per Month and Found"

YEARS ago, within the memory of man, in the days of the "good old wagon show," when the circuses and the menageries wended their way by road instead of rail, the combine of managers known as "The Flatfoots" hired their agents, bill-posters, and programmer by the month "and found"—that is, the management paid board, laundry, liquor, tobacco, and wages. In the employ of "The Flatfoots" was a unique character, one Horace Stearns, as reliable and faithful as a trusty watchdog, whose duty it was to make a thorough house-to-house distribution of the illustrated show-bills describing in alluring language the attractions afforded by the aggregation of arenic and animal wonders. When the outfit started from Danbury, Connecticut, Manager Bailey always reiterated the annual instructions:

"Horace, put things down in your expense account for what they are; if it is for a drink say so—call tobacco tobacco, and washing washing."

Thus admonished, Stearns would start on his journeying and charge up his daily expenditures until the final accounting at Dan-

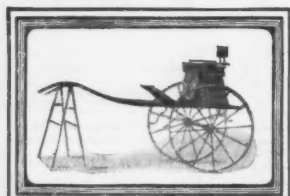
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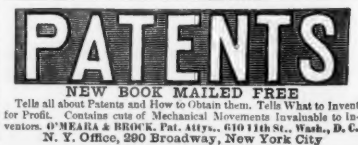
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bury. One season the spring was backward
and cold, and Horace Stearns found that his
system required a considerable amount of
stimulus to guard him against the unusual
and untimely rigors. Coming upon the
charges growing out of the austerity of the
weather, Bailey quoted with assumed stern-
ness and emphasis on the rum:

"Rum, tobacco, rum, rum, rum, and rum
and rum," and so on for several pages, with
similar entries mixed in with telegrams, ex-
press charges, stage fares, etc. Horace
Stearns winced a little, not observing his em-
ployer's sly wink to his partner. The honest
but confused programmer cut off the recita-
tion of items with the request: "Let me look
at the book a minute, Mr. Bailey."

Stearns ran over the criticised entries and re-
turned the memorandum with the triumphant
vindication: "I'll agree, Mr. Bailey, there's
considerable rum an' terbacker charged, but
I want you to perticlerly observe that there's
no washing down for two weeks."

□ □

Hard Pulling

Henderson: "Didn't one of your sons go
through college?"

Anderson: "Oh, yes. He's a dentist now."

Henderson: "How is he getting along?"

Anderson: "Only making a hand to mouth
living."

□ □

Last, but Not Least

THREE boys started out in life together.
Said one of them: "I'll work only when
I have to. I'll make a great show, and sit up
nights thinking how I will get ahead of the
firm."

At the end of twenty years he had a nice
little business of his own.

The second boy took the other tack. "I,"
he said, "will be ever faithful to my employ-
er's interest. I'll work hard day and night,
and will not attempt to push myself forward
unduly. I believe that in the long run honest
effort must tell."

And at the end of twenty years he, too, had
a nice little business of his own.

One day the first boy and the second boy
were sitting together, congratulating them-
selves on their success, when the third boy
entered.

"He never did amount to much," said the
first boy.

"That's so," said the second boy. "I won-
der what he has been doing all this time?"

"Gentlemen," said the third boy, "you'll
have to shut up shop. I'm glad to know
what you've been at all these years, because
each in his own way has been working for
me."

"And what have you been doing?" said the
other boys anxiously.

"Forming a trust," said the third boy.

□ □

IF LOVE BE BLIND

By Reynale Smith Pickering

IF Love be blind. If Love be blind, I say,

Why do his arrows never go astray?

Why is his aim, unerring, ever true?

Why does he always pierce the target through?

'Tis wonderful such marksmanship to find

In one so blind.

□ □

The Same Old Difference

TWO flies stood close together on a screen.

"It's pleasant weather," said the first fly.

"I'm glad you think so," buzzed the second
fly. "It's well enough, I suppose, but it looks
like rain."

"Let her rain," said the first fly. "Who
cares? I believe in making the best of things.
What's the use of kicking all the time?"

"I admit," said the second fly, "that there's
no use in kicking, but if you don't kick there's
little else to do. I tell you this is a hard
world. I see mighty little in it. I'm dis-
gusted with the whole affair."

"The trouble with you is," said the first
fly, "that you are a pessimist and I'm an opti-
mist. I naturally look on the bright side of
things and you look on the dark. It's a ques-
tion of temperament. I can't help being
happy, and you can't help being unhappy.
We were born so. It's fate, pure and simple.
That, my friend, is the difference between
us."

The second fly buzzed satirically.
"That's where you're 'way off," he replied.
"As a matter of fact, the difference between
us is simply this: I'm on the outside, and
you're on the inside, of this screen."

□ □

The Real Cause

"PAPA, what makes a man give a ring to
a woman when they are engaged?"
"The woman."

□ □

A Soap and Water Holiday

"**HEALTH DAY**" is the name of a new
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visions the first Monday in October is created
a legal holiday throughout the State.

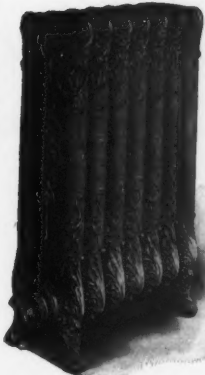
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and there is a penalty of fifty dollars for fail-
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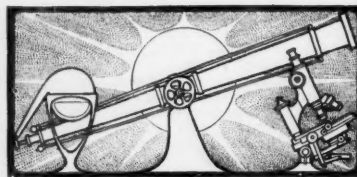
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THE WHEELING GALAXY

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

A RECENT discussion by the British Astronomical Association has brought out more clearly than it has before been presented one of the grandest conceptions that astronomy offers to the mind of the thinker or the poet. The same discussion has also shown how inextricably the consequences of the incessant motions taking place in all parts of the universe are interlinked, so that each of them has to be studied in its relations to all the others.

The great conception referred to is that of the rotation of the Galaxy, or Milky Way, as if it were an immense glowing hoop surrounding the heavens, and kept continually rolling in one direction. The fact that the Galaxy is composed of multitudes of stars, millions upon millions of them, too faint on account of their vast distance from us to be individually visible, but so crowded in perspective that they present the appearance of a luminous cloud, is known, of course, to all intelligent readers. But the suggestion that they may all be in motion together, forming a gigantic procession, which travels round and round in a circle, is more novel.

It can not be said that this idea is, at present, more than a suggestion. A very extended series of observations would be required to establish it as an incontestable fact. Yet it is inevitable that the stars of the Galaxy must be in motion—the law of gravitation demands that—and if in motion, they can hardly be supposed to move in a haphazard fashion. It is much more reasonable to assume that they share a common movement in the same general direction, just as the multitudes of separately indistinguishable bodies which compose the rings of Saturn revolve all one way around their master planet.

Almost the Boundaries of Space

The Galaxy includes, or incloses, the whole visible universe. It can not be imagined as touching the boundaries of infinite space, for infinity has no bounds. This vast starry system, thrown into the form of a floating wreath, may well be imagined as appearing to the Creator to be relatively less important than one of the innumerable smoke rings which drift from the lips of a dreaming *bon vivant* after his dinner. And the period of its existence, seeming like eternity to our time sense, may be, in reality, as ephemeral as its physical dimensions are insignificant.

A few words, now, about the bearing of the theory that the stars of the Galaxy are all wheeling, together in one direction, around the empty space within their circle, upon a great and important astronomical problem whose solution involves the ultimate destiny of our Solar System. It was this aspect of the question which brought on the discussion by astronomers referred to at the beginning. The Solar System—i.e., the sun and his small company of planets, of which the earth is one—happens, at present, to be somewhere near the centre of the open space within the Galaxy. The sun is one of the scattered or wandering stars spoken of above, a few of which exist inside the great ring or spiral. He is moving swiftly toward a point near the northern side of the galactic circle.

A Nice Mathematical Problem

Now, this motion of the Solar System presents one of the most difficult problems of astronomy, and its difficulty is increased if we accept the rotation of the Galaxy as an actual fact. The only way in which astronomers are able to learn anything about the speed and the direction of the solar motion is through observation of the slowly changing positions of the stars. They constitute the only points of reference, and such points we must have, because as the earth moves through space we can not employ a log-line to determine its rate of speed as a ship can do when the sun and the stars are hidden.

But, unfortunately for the ready solution of this problem, the points of reference used by the astronomer are themselves all in motion. The nearer stars, which wander with the sun inside the galactic circle, are going in all directions, each independent of the others. Now, if the more distant stars constituting the Galaxy itself are moving like a current, all one way, then, since that current completely encircles the heavens, the effect is very much as if the earth were a ship crossing a circular body of water whose shores were in continual revolution. The point on the shore toward which the ship's bow is directed at any particular moment may not be the point which will ultimately be reached, even if the course be absolutely straight, because, before the ship can touch the shore, the point referred to will have moved along out of line, and some other point will have taken its place.

Thus, so far as we can now tell, the direction of the Solar System's flight is toward that part of the Galaxy where the constellation of the Northern Cross seems to float in the luminous stream, and the brilliant Harp lies near the shore.

It may be asked, "Why is it difficult to say whether the Galaxy is rotating or not?" The reply is that the stars of the Galaxy are so distant from us that even if they move a million miles a day, the effects of the motion are too slight to be measured with certainty except after the lapse of many years.

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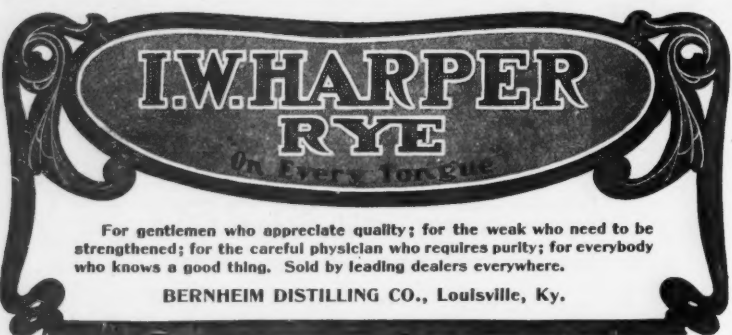
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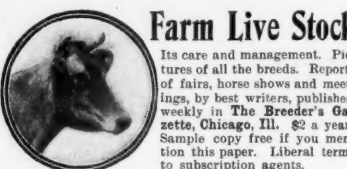
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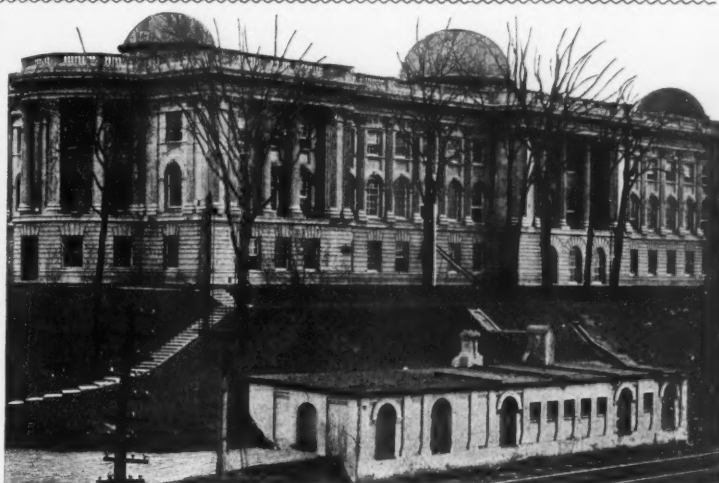
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